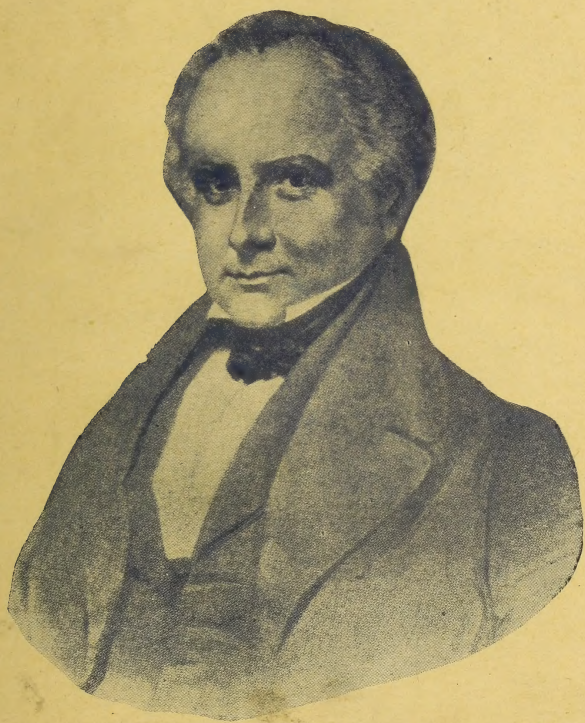

Selections *from* Sam Slick

(JUDGE HALIBURTON)



Edited by
PAUL A. W. WALLACE

Prof. W. J. Alexander's comment on this book



AMONG English-speaking Canadian authors Judge Haliburton is one of the earliest and has attained beyond the limits of Canada itself the widest and most assured recognition. He has the great distinction of having created an imaginary character who seems to have a place among the immortals of fiction. Sam Slick, like Falstaff or Uncle Toby, or Mr. Pickwick, seems to have an existence apart from the book in which he makes his appearance, and many who have not met him there have at least a bowing acquaintance with him. Further, Haliburton has a plausible claim to being the originator of the school of humor which is supposedly, in a special sense, American. Notwithstanding all this, it is safe to say that his work is in these days little known in the Dominion and less read. There is more than one reason for this. To modern taste he probably seems slow-going and diffuse. He wrote for a more leisurely time than ours. We are likely to be impatient of the easy-going pace in which he passes from one interesting episode to another. But there is a further difficulty—the very practical one that his books are not easily obtainable; they are not to be found in the various series of publications which bring most classical works within reach of the multitude. Fortunately both these difficulties are met in the volume of selections edited by Mr. Paul Wallace and published by the Ryerson Press. There is more variety in the work of Haliburton than is commonly recognized and Mr. Wallace successfully represents the different aspects. He gathers together a series of sketches which lose little by separation from their context, and which may well be able to hold their own against the popular productions of the present day. This volume may be safely recommended to the general reader, not merely because it is Canadian, but because it is delightful literature.

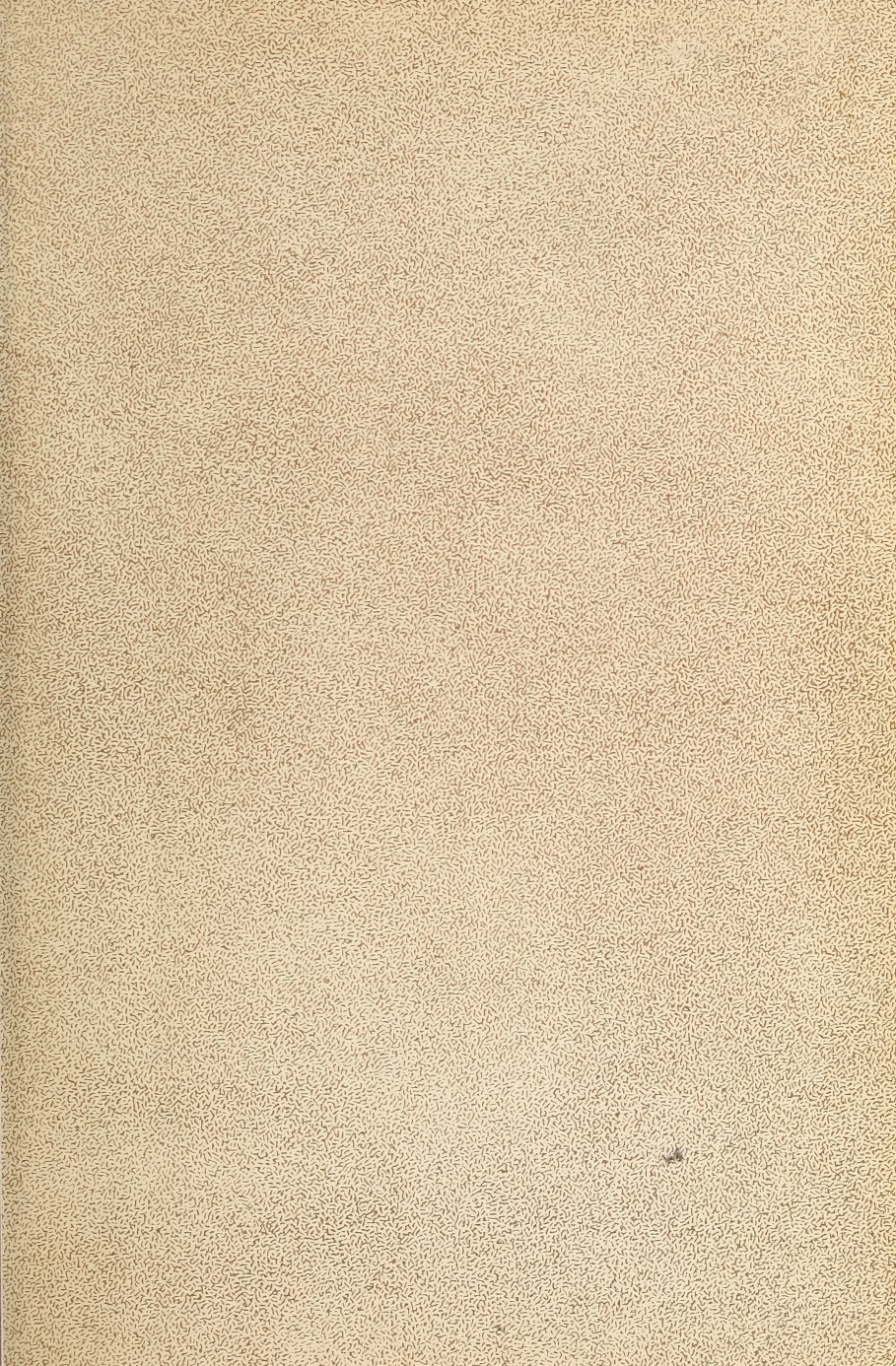
—W. J. Alexander.

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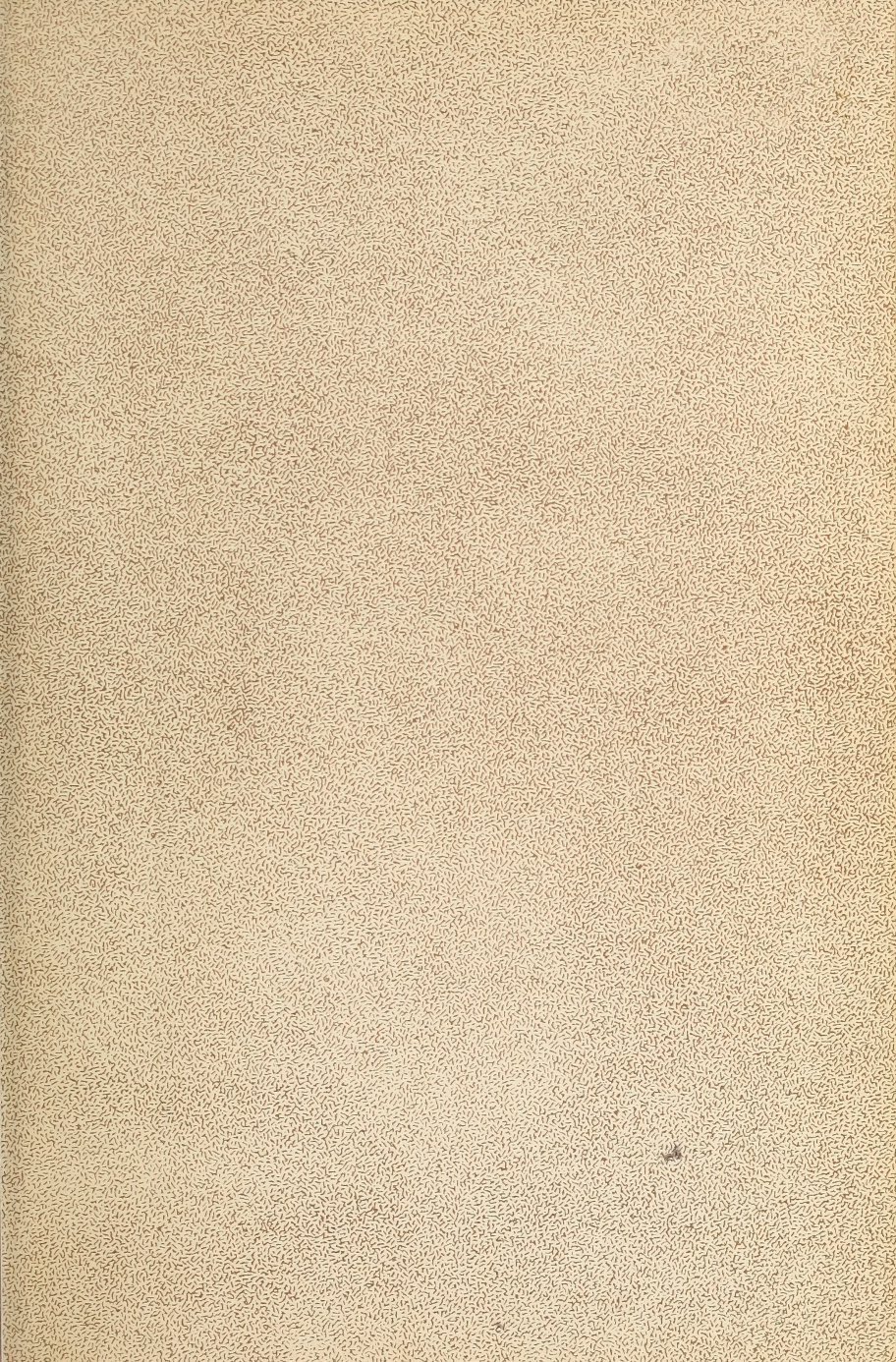


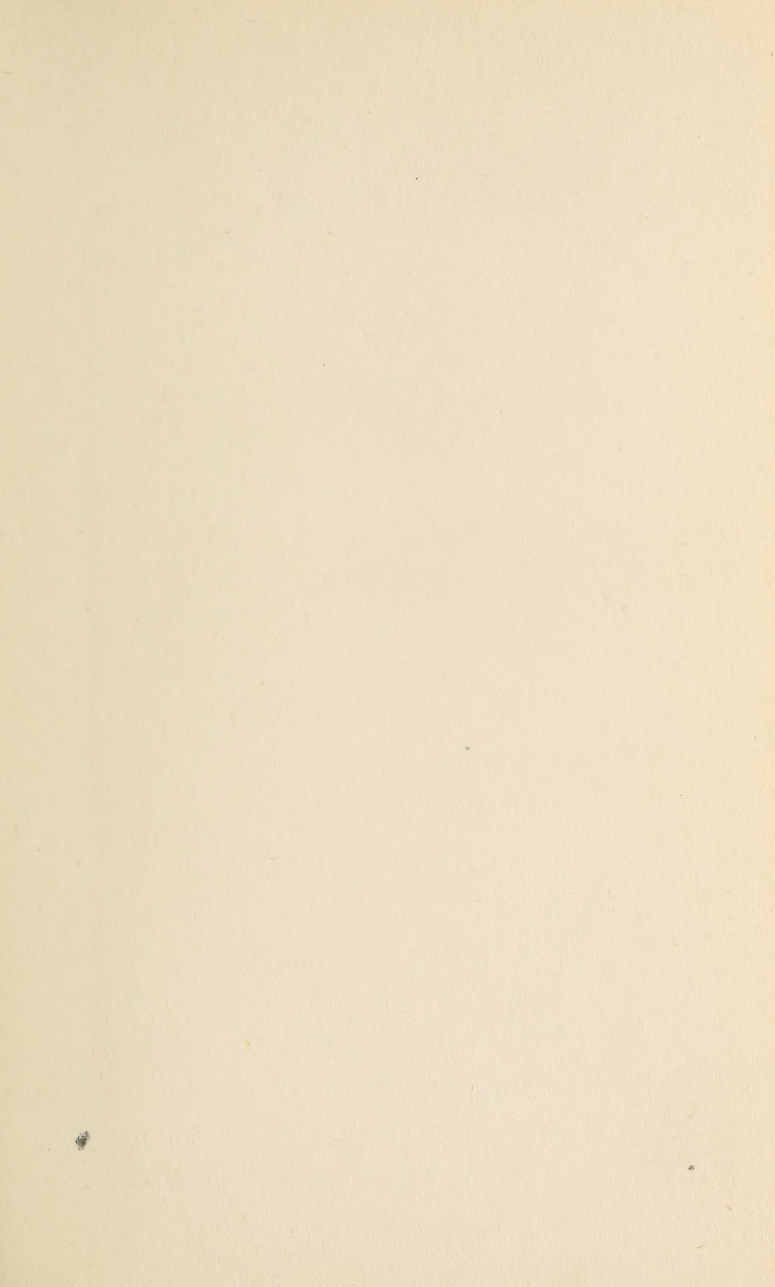
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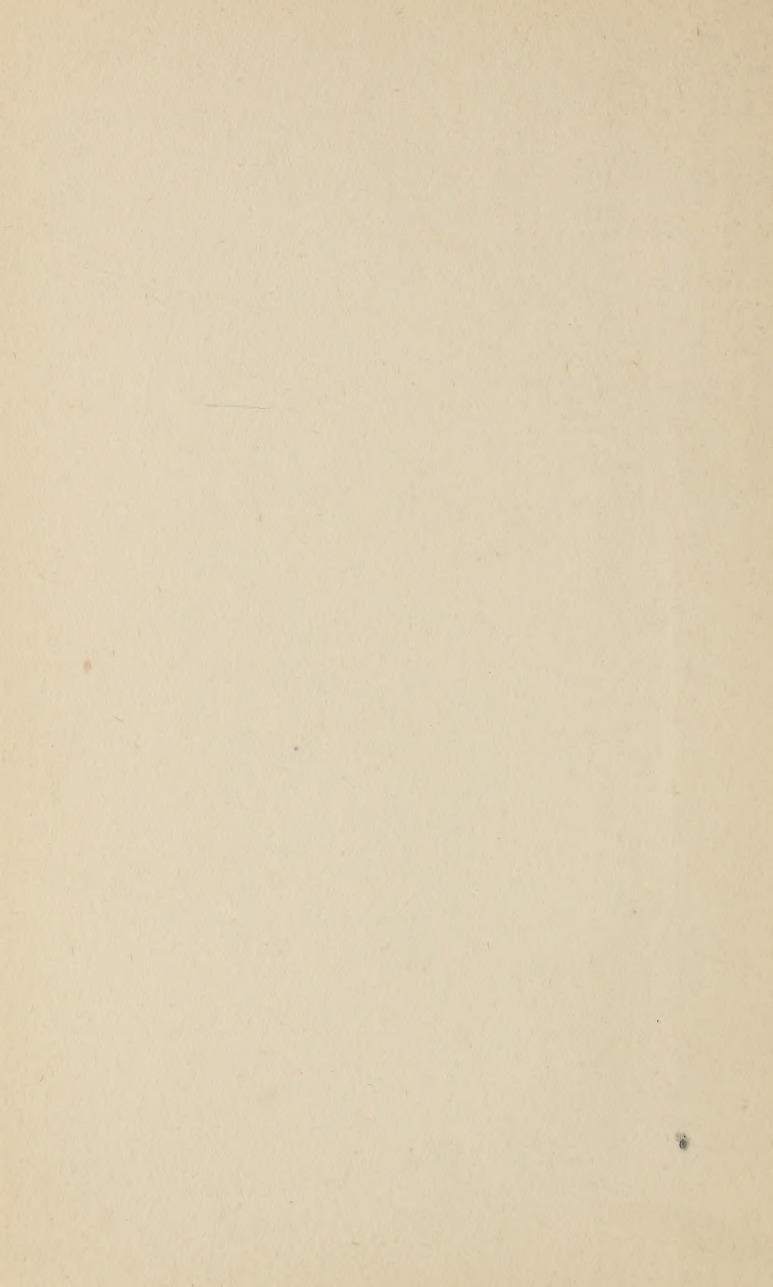



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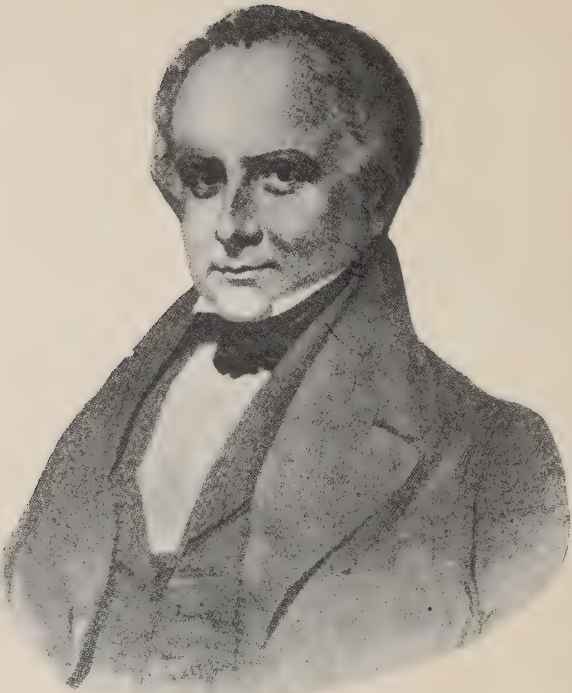






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SELECTIONS FROM SAM SLICK



THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON

(*From an Engraving in The Dominion Archives*)

Here's a health to thee, Tom! May the mists of this earth
Never shadow the light of that soul
Which so often has lent the mild flashes of mirth
To illumine the depths of the bowl.

(*From Joseph Howe's "Toast to Tom Haliburton"*)

Selections from Sam Slick

(Judge Haliburton)

EDITED BY
PAUL A. W. WALLACE

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.--Juv.

Folks say that natur' is one thing, and wisdom another, but it's plaguy odd they look so much alike, and speak the very identical same language, aint it? -- S. S.

(From the title page of "The Clockmaker," Third Series, 1840.)

THE RYERSON PRESS
TORONTO

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INTRODUCTION

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON, a descendant of the Border family from which Sir Walter Scott derived his blood, was born in 1796 at Windsor, Nova Scotia. His father was Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, his mother was the daughter of one of Wolfe's officers who had been killed in America, and the boy was educated at King's College, Windsor, the centre of Loyalist tradition in the colony,—so that, by birth and training, he was British and a Tory. He regarded the neighboring States with an amused, though half affectionate and admiring, dislike. Yet strangely enough he is remembered chiefly for having taken from New England the character of a Yankee clockmaker, put him into fiction as Sam Slick, and returned him to the United States, the founder of the American school of humour.

After leaving college, Haliburton was called to the bar, and practised in Annapolis Royal. He entered the Legislature, where he conceived for popular assemblies a hearty dislike that colours much of his writings. In 1829, on the death of his father, he withdrew to fill the

SELECTIONS FROM SAM SLICK

office of Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and later of the Supreme Court, a position which he held until his retirement to England in 1856.

"There is no field for ambition," he said through the mouth of one of his characters—"no room for the exercise of distinguished talent in the provinces." Though he belied it in every line he wrote, he acted in accordance with the maxim that "little ponds never hold big fish," and looked for wider opportunities overseas. But when he established himself in England, he lost sight of another of his own maxims, "All critturs in natur' are better in their own element." He entered Parliament, but his imperialist proposals found little support in a House where Gladstone was the leader, and his career there was not a success. He retired to private life after one term, and died in 1865.

It is astonishing that a little colony of less than one hundred thousand people, scattered along a strip of land between the sea and the forest, should have developed side by side two men of such outstanding genius as Joseph Howe and Thomas Chandler Haliburton. To Joseph Howe we owe the discovery of the new humourist who was to rival Dickens. In 1835,

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when Howe was editor of the *Nova Scotian*, that paper began the publication of a series of articles which developed into "The Clockmaker; or, The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville," from the pen of Judge Haliburton. Success was immediate, and the sketches were put into book form next year in Halifax, editions quickly following in England, the United States, France, and Germany.

Sam Slick had much more to say than could be pressed into one book; fresh adventures continued for some years to amuse the public. "The Attaché," published in 1843, aimed to hit off the English as "The Clockmaker" had hit off the Blue-Noses. In 1853 came "Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances; or What he Said, Did, or Invented," and in 1855 the Sam Slick series came to an end with the publication of "Nature and Human Nature."

Other works by Haliburton there were a-plenty. "A Reply to the Report of the Earl of Durham," "Rule and Misrule of the English in America," "An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia,"—titles such as these are not what one would expect from the founder of the American school of humour. Yet they indicate that side of Haliburton's character

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which distinguishes him from his followers: he was a man of affairs before he was a man of letters, and a satirist rather than a popular humourist. He was a statesman in motley.

"Your jokes hit," said Squire Tact to Sam in "The Attaché," "and hit pretty hard, too, sometimes. They make a man think as well as laugh."

Haliburton was explicit in his aims: "It must not be supposed that I have recorded, like Boswell, all Mr. Slick's conversations. I have selected only such parts as suited my object. Neither the 'Clockmaker' nor the 'Attaché' were ever designed as books of travels, but to portray character—to give practical lessons in morals, and politics—to expose hypocrisy—to uphold the connection between the parent country and the colonies, to develop the resources of the province, and to enforce the just claims of my countrymen—to discountenance agitation—to strengthen the union between Church and State—and to foster and excite a love for our own form of government, and a preference of it over all others."

In season and out of season he preached the "extension of England" and the importance of his native colony. He knew that Nova

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Scotia had a great future, and he wished to hasten her development.

"Squire," said Sam Slick; "this is the best location in all America, is Nova Scotia, if the British did but know it."

"I never seed or heerd tell of a country that had so many nateral privileges as this. . . . A little nigger boy in New York found a diamond worth 2,000 dollars; well, he sold it to a watchmaker for 50 cents—the little critter didn't know no better. Your people are just like the nigger boy, they don't know the valy of their diamond."

Railways, urged Haliburton, should be built to develop the province; and he missed no opportunity of reminding his countrymen of the need. Even in the "Letter from a Coachman on the Railroad Line" he gave his people a poke to rouse them. Rails had been such a success in England that they had ousted the coaches; and the old coachman was migrating to Nova Scotia, where he had heard rails were never likely to be introduced, "as they have seed the mischief they av done in England."

He urged, also, that a steamer service should be established between England and the colony. Soon the *Great Western* was built;

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then, with the *Britannia*, Samuel Cunard of Halifax established the first steam postal service between England and America; and Sam Slick, looking back in 1855, was able to boast of the time when he had "set on foot a scheme for carrying the Atlantic mail in steamers."

Haliburton was not a Canadian; he died before Confederation. But he foresaw the union of the provinces. Said Sam in "Nature and Human Nature," "I'll tell you what neither the English, nor the Yankees, nor the colonists themselves, know anything of, and that is about the extent and importance of these North American provinces under British rule. . . . See what an empire is here, surely the best in climate, soil, mineral, and other productions in the world, and peopled by such a race, as no other country under heaven can produce. No, Sir, here are the *bundle of sticks*; all they want is to be united."

To stir up the British was Haliburton's aim, and ridicule was his weapon. Ridicule, to be most effective, must come from an outsider; for his purpose Haliburton chose the familiar figure of a clockmaker from New England, peddling his wares through the Nova Scotia countryside, inducing sales by applying his

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knowledge of "soft sawder and human natur'," and scattering ridicule wherever the Blue-Noses and their affairs gave him an opening.

It is necessary to understand Haliburton's purpose in writing before we can fully appreciate his books, but we no longer read "The Clockmaker" or "The Attaché" as their author meant them to be read—as a commentary on current affairs; we read them for the pleasure of companionship with the shrewd, kindly Yankee peddler who knew a little about clocks and a vast deal more about human nature.

It is for the creation of this character, one of the most convincing in English fiction, that Haliburton is chiefly distinguished. "Sam—one of the few American characters that have become universal—," as a recent critic* said, "is ranked with the immortals." He was created to serve a political purpose, but he was too vital to remain a mere agent or mouthpiece. He is now, after nearly a century, still alive, while the man who created him is only a memory; people know Sam Slick who have not even heard of Judge Haliburton. We find improbabilities in Sam's statements, but nothing

*Ray Palmer Baker, in "A History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation."

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improbable in Sam himself. When we laugh at the clockmaker, we forget the author, never stopping to compliment Haliburton on his clever technique.

As a matter of fact, Haliburton was not an artist; he never tried to master the technique of story writing. His very carelessness of the canons of art may have helped his genius to create that illusion of reality which gives his work the stamp of greatness. "The way I travel through a tale," said Sam, "is the way a child goes to school. He leaves the path to chase a butterfly, or to pick wild strawberries, or to run after his hat, that has blown off, or to take a shy at a bird, or throw off his shoes, roll up his trousers, and wade about the edge of a pond, to catch polly-wogs; but he gets to school in the eend, though somewhat of the latest."

Sam Slick introduced the New England dialect into literature, and that dialect has never been presented with happier effect. His tales should be read aloud. Sam's sentences canter ahead like Old Clay, his horse, surefooted and easy. The logic may halt, but the rhythm never. The language is always vivid and smacks of the soil. Shrewd comments on politics or

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religion or "human natur'" are illustrated with anecdotes drawn from everyday life, and pointed with maxims that have all the tang of folk-lore. Many of Sam's "wise saws" have become a part of our speech.

"Proverbs," he said, "are distilled facts steamed down to an essence." Here are a few of his own:

"Wherever natur' does least, man does most";

"Patriotism is the trump card of a scoundrel";

"Figures are the representatives of numbers and not of things";

"Power has a nateral tendency to corpulency";

"If the sea was always calm, it would pyson the univarse."

Even as a humourist, Haliburton wrote with a definite purpose; but not all of his propaganda has borne fruit. Much water has flowed under the bridge since his time, and some of his political teaching is interesting only to students of history. Nevertheless, his vivid pictures of places and people of early days in Nova Scotia will always maintain a wide appeal. Old Kissinkirk, Marm Bedford, Nicholas Spohr,

SELECTIONS FROM SAM SLICK

Watt the Tiger, are persons not to be forgotten. For sheer high spirits, Sam Slick himself may never have an equal in Canada. But although Haliburton is best known for his four well-packed and hilarious Clockmaker volumes, he did not by any means exhaust himself in the Slick series. In such a work as "The Old Judge" his humour is mellowed, his style more flowing, and his narrative better sustained. In the story of Nicholas Spohr at the Horse-Shoe Cove he presents a dark picture of pioneer life with feeling and restraint; while in "The Witch of Inky Dell" he has made a strange but none the less successful mingling of the terrible and the flippant in one of the best witch stories ever written.

PAUL A. W. WALLACE,
Toronto.

In this book of selections the typographical peculiarities of the early editions have been retained, and no attempt is made to systematize the spelling of words in dialect, which are differently rendered in different places. To reduce to order a work of "designed disorder" would be to rob Haliburton of his flavour.

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LETTER FROM A COACHMAN ON THE RAILROAD LINE

(From "The Letter Bag of the Great Western;
or, Life in a Steamer," 1840.)

LIFE in a steamer was a novelty when "The Letter Bag" was written. In 1837 the *Great Western* was launched at Bristol, the first steamer to take the water for regular service between England and America.

The following letter is imagined to be written by a coachman emigrating to Nova Scotia because his occupation has been ruined by steam. The Liverpool-Manchester railway was opened in 1830, and during the next ten years rail development was rapid. The change from dust to smoke was not made easily. The hardship it entailed upon a class of man who has always been a favourite in literature, and the pride of the old-fashioned coachman in his turn-out, could scarcely find better expression than here.

LETTER FROM A COACHMAN

DEAR FRIEND,

Old England and I has parted for ever; I have thrown down the reins, and here I am on board the *Great Western*, old, thick in the joints, and tender in the feet—I am fairly done up—I couldn't stand it no longer. When you and me first know'd each other, the matter of twenty years ago, I druv the Red Rover on the Liverpool line—you recollects the Red Rover, and a pretty turn out it was, with light green body, and wheels picked out with white, four smart bays, and did her ten miles an hour easy, without ever breaking into a gallop, and never turned a hair. Well, I was druv off of that by the rails, and a sad blow that was, for I liked the road, and passengers liked me, and never a one that didn't tip his bob and a tizzy for the forty miles. Them was happy days for Old England, afore reforms and rails turned everything upside down, and men rode as natur intended they should on pikes with coaches, and smart active cattle, and not by machinery like bags of cotton and hardware. Then I takes the Highflyer on the Southampton road; well, she warnt equal

SELECTIONS FROM SAM SLICK

to the Red Rover, and it warnt likely she could, but still she did her best, and did her work well and comfortably eight miles to fifty-five minutes, as true as a trivet. People made no complaints as ever I heard of, when all of a sudden the rail fever broke out there too—up goes the cars and in course down goes the coaches, and me along with them. One satisfaction was, it warnt the Highflyer's fault, it warnt she broke down, it was the road; and if people is so foolish as not to go by coaches, why coaches cant go of themselves, as stands to common sense and reason. I warnt out of employ long, and it warnt likely I should, I was too well known for that: few men in my line was so well known, and it arnt boasting, or nothing of the sort, but no more nor truth to say, few men was better liked on the road in all England nor I was, so I was engaged on the Bristol line, and druv the Markiss of Huntley. You knowd the Markiss, in course, everbody knowd her, she was better hossed nor any coach in England; it was a pleasure to handle the ribbins in one's new toggery where the cattle was all blood, and the turn out all complete, in all parts, pointments and all. We had a fine run on that line, roads good, coaches full, lots of lush, and

LETTER FROM A COACHMAN

travelled quick. But the rails got up an opposition there too, and the pikes and coaches couldn't stand it, no more nor on the other lines. The coaches was took off, the hosses was sold off, and there I was the third time off myself on the stones agin. As long as there was any chance, I stood up under it like a man, for it aint a trifle makes me give in; but there is no chance, coaches is done in England, and so is gentlemen. Sending to the station for parcels and paper is a different thing from having them dropt at the gate, and so they'll find when it's too late. Mind what I telly, Jeny, the rails will do for the gents, only give em time for it, as well as for the coaches. That thief's whistle of a car is no more to be compared to the music of a guard's horn, than chork is to cheese, it's very low that, it always sets my teeth an edge. They'll find some a those days what all this levelling will come to in England. I'm blest if they doesn't. Levelling coachmen down to stokers is the first step; the next is levelling the gents down to the Brummigim tradesmen. They are booked for a fall where they'll find no return carriage, or I'm mistaken; but it serves em right; where people will be so obstinate as not to see how much better dust is than smoke;

SELECTIONS FROM SAM SLICK

and they needn't even have dust if they chooses to water the roads as they ort. There is no stopping now to take up or put down a passenger—that day is gone by, and returns by a different road. Accidents too is more common on the rails than on the pikes, and when the rails begins they always kills; there is no hopes of having the good luck to lose a limb, as there is with coaches. You can't pull them up as you can hosses; they harn't got no sense, and it don't stand to reason they can stop of themselves, or turn out. I never run over but one man all the time I was on the road, and that was his own fault, for he was deaf and didn't hear us in time; and one woman, and she ran the wrong way, though the lamps was lit, and it served her right for being so stupid. I've always observed women and pigs run the wrong way, it's natural to them, and they hadn't ort to suffer them to run at large on the same roads with coaches; for they cum to be run over of themselves, and is very dangerous, frightening hosses, and upsetting coaches, by getting under the wheels. But it's no use guarding now agin accidents, Joe, for coaches is done in England, and done for ever, and a heavy blow it is. They was the pride of the country, there wasn't

LETTER FROM A COACHMAN

any thing like them, as I've heard gemmen say from forrin parts, to be found no where, nor never will be again. Them as have seen coaches afore rails come in fashion, av seen something worth remembering, and telling of agin; and all they are fit for now is to stick up for watch-houses along the rails, for policemen to go to sleep in when they gets moppy. It's a sad thing to think of, and quite art breaking for them as know'd their valy and speed and safety by day or by night, and could drive em to the sixteenth part of an inch of one another and never touch. That was what I call seeing life was travelling in a coach; but travelling by rails is like being stowed away in a parcel in the boot, you can't see nothing nor hear nothing; but coaches is done, Joe—yes, they are done; and it's a pity too. I couldn't stand it no longer; first one line knocked up, and then another; and nothing seen but hosses going to the ammer, and coachmen thrown out of employ. I couldn't stand it no longer; so I am off to Americka, to a place they calls Nova Scotia, where they have more sense and won't have a rail, though natur has done one half, and English money is ready to do the other. They prefers coaches, and they shows their sense, as time will prove.

SELECTIONS FROM SAM SLICK

I am engaged on the line from Halifax to Windsor, that the new steamers will make a busy one, and where rails, as I hear, are never likely to be interduced, as they have seed the mischief they av done in England. I only wish I ad the Old Highflyer, or Red Rover, or Markiss of Huntley, there with their cattle; if I ad, I'd show the savages what a coach and hosses complete and fit for the Queen to travel in was; but I haven't, nor can't, nor nobody can't, nor never will again, for coaches, such coaches as them I mean, which was coaches, and deserved the name of coaches, is done. Nobody won't see the like of them agin. Arter all, Joe, it is a ard thing for the like of me, as I has drove the first coach and best team in all England, and the first gemmen of the land, to go out to that horrid savage country Nova Scotia, to end my days among bad hosses, bad coaches, and bad arness, and among a people, too, whose noses is all blue, as I hear, with the cold there. I never expected to live to see this come to pass, or the day when coaches was done in England; but coaches is done for all that; and here I am broken down in helth and spirits, groggy in both feet, and obliged to be transported to America, all on account of the rails. But if

LETTER FROM A COACHMAN

I go on so fast, talking of travelling in old times, I shall be apt to be shying from the main object of my letter, so I must clap the skid on the off wheel of my heart and go gently. I shall have to shorten up my wheel reins preciously to come down to terms. My eyes, what would our old friend the Barynet say to my driving a team without saddles and without breeching, and take a steady drag of seventeen miles—with leather springs and lynch pins instead of patent axles and liptics. No sign board, no mile stones—no Tom and Jerrys, no gin and bitters—coachman and no guards—hills and dales, and no levels—no barmaids, post-boys, nor seven-mile stages; and what is wus and wus, wages and no tip. Oh Joe! my heart sinks to the axle when I thinks of the past; but fate drives with a heavy hand and a desperate hard curb, and I shall wait with a sharp pull up on my patience, till I gets your next letter, and hereafter sets in my place with melancholy as a passenger on the box-seat forever. I don't much like sending this by the Great Western, for steam has ruined me, Joe; but I've had a copy made to go by the old coach as I calls the Liner, and if she gets the start of leader's heads past Western's swingle

SELECTIONS FROM SAM SLICK

trees, you'll get tother one first, never fear. I have no hart to write more at present, though the thorts of the ribbins do revive me a bit; and when I mount the box once more I will write you agin.

So no more at present from

Your old friend,

JERRY DRAG.

P.S.—Send me a good upper Benjamin of the old cut, and a broad surcingle, for my lines is getting rumatiz in them, and it will draw me up a bit, for I was always a good feeder; and stayin in the stall here, and no walking exercise, am getting clumsy: also a decent whip—I always likes to see a Jemmy whip, and so does hosses, for they can tell by the sound of it whether a man knows his business or not, as well as a Christian could, and better than one-half of them can. I hear blue-nose whips is like school boys fishing-rods, all wood, and as stiff as the pole of a coach. I couldn't handle such a thing as that, and more nor that I wont, for I couldn't submit to the disgrace of it. Also a flask for the side pocket, for I'm informed them as keeps inns on that road are tea-totallers, and a drop of gin arnt to be had for love or money. Now that gammon wont

LETTER FROM A COACHMAN

do for me; I'm not agoing for to freze to death on the box, to please any such Esquimo Indgian cangaroos as them, and they needn't expect no such a thing. A glass of gin I must have as a thing in course, so don't forget it. Direct "Royal Blue-nose mail coach office, Halifax, Nova Scotia—care of Mr. Craig—Letter department."

LETTER FROM
ONE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS
TO HER KINSWOMAN

(From "The Letter Bag of the Great Western;
or, Life in a Steamer," 1840.)

THIS charming letter tells a complete story between the lines, with the climax in the postscript—and in the reader's imagination.

FROM THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

Thee will be pleased to hear that we are in sight of America, to which country the Lord has graciously vouchsafed to guide us in safety thro' many perils, giving us permission at times to see the light of the sun by day, and sometimes the stars by night, that we may steer our lonely way thro' the dreary waste and solitary expanse of the pathless ocean. Of a truth he faithfully and beautifully expressed the proper feeling of a Christian who said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me."

And now, esteemed and kind friend, my heart yearneth towards thee, and my first thought on approaching this strange land, as my last on leaving that of my forefathers, resteth on thee, my early companion, my good counsellor, my well-beloved sister. How often in the stillness of the night, when alone in my bed, has thy image been called up before me, by the fond recollections of the past! How often have I longed for thee amid the raging of the

SELECTIONS FROM SAM SLICK

tempest, that my heart, tho' resigned to meet whatever might betide it, might catch the power of adding hope to fortitude, from the cheerful aspect of thy countenance. And how often amid the vain and frivolous scenes that I have daily mingled in on board of this ship, have I wished for thy conversation, thy companionship, and support. Strange sensations have affected me by such associations as I have had here. A maiden and her brother from London are fellow-passengers. She is very affable and kind, very condescending in her manners, humble-minded, though of high birth, and of a great talent for conversation. She is beloved by all, and has won kind regards from everybody. Her attire is what is called in the gay world fashionable. It is composed of the most beautiful fabrics, and though rich, has much simplicity. I sometimes ask myself, why do I call this vain or idle? If Providence decks the birds of the air with variegated and brilliant plumage, and endows the flowers of the field with splendid colours; if the rose boasts its delicate tints, the shrubs their fragrant blossoms, and the vine its tendrils and its wreaths, can these things be vain? "The lilies toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed

FROM THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

like one of these." If we, who have dominion over them, are not ourselves clothed by nature, was it not an intimation that our toilet was left to ourselves, that it might suit the seasons and our tastes, that it might be renewed when old, and please the eye and do justice to the symmetry and beauty of our forms? When I look at this lovely maiden, and see her in this vain attire, and observe that she is not rendered vain thereby herself, forgive me, Martha, but I cannot help admitting the question does arise to my mind, "can this be sinful?" Does it not afford employment to the poor? profit to the mechanic and manufacturer, and diffuse wealth that avarice might otherwise hoard? To-day she came into my cabin, and asked me to walk the deck with her, and as I sought my bonnet, said "Nay, dear, suffer me to see how you would look in mine, my pretty friend;" and then stood off, and lifted up both hands, and exclaimed, "How beautiful! how well it becomes that innocent face! Do look at your sweet self in the glass, my love; how handsome, is it not? Nay, blush not: be candid now, and say whether it is not more becoming than that little pasteboard quaker-bonnet of thine. Such a face as yours is too

SELECTIONS FROM SAM SLICK

lovely to be immured in that unpretending piece of plainness, as you yourself would be to be imprisoned in a nunnery.

“Full many a face with brightest serene,
Those plain unfashionable bonnets bear,
Full many a rose they doom to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness ’mong the ringlets there.”

“Nay” said I, “dear lady, now thee convincest me that the Friends very properly forbid the use of those vain and idle decorations, for thee makest me vain. Thee has summoned up more pride in my heart in those few brief minutes, than I knew before to have existed within me. Pray take it back, ere I am spoiled by thy praise or thy worldly attire.” “You would soon learn not to be vain of them when you had been used to them—am I vain?” “No indeed,” said I, “by no means; thee is not vain, but far, very far from it;” and I could not help thinking, neither should I be vain, if like her I wore them daily. Do not be alarmed, Martha, thee must not think I am going to adopt the dress of these people, I have no such thoughts, but methinks we place more importance upon this subject than it deserves; but perhaps my understanding is too weak to penetrate the reasons wisdom assigns for their exclusion. Her brother is a captain in the army, very tall,

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very polite, and very handsome. His eyes are uncommonly intelligent, and so bright, I cannot look at them when he speaks to me, for they seem to see through mine into my heart, and read all that is there. There is nothing there, thee knowest, but what he or any one else might read, except that I do not want him to know, what I should be ashamed to tell him, that I think him so handsome, so very handsome. He swears sometimes, which is such a pity. I heard him say yesterday to another officer that is on board, "How lovely that Quaker girl is! by G—— she is the sweetest girl I ever saw! she is a perfect beauty—what eyes, what a bust, what feet!" and then he swore an oath I must not repeat, she was an angel. How shocking to be spoken of in such language of profane praise, by a man whose business is war, and who is familiar with swords and guns, and weapons of destruction!

That oath made me shudder, especially as I was the innocent cause of it; and yet he is so gentle, his manner so kind, and his conversation so intelligent, that I am sure he is not aware of this habit, which he has caught, without knowing it, from others. He does not agree with his sister about dress. He told me

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he thought there was great elegance in the simplicity of the Quaker dress; that there was a modest beauty in it particularly becoming young maidens; that he considered the way fashionable ladies dressed was disgusting, and that the muslin that half concealed, half revealed our charms was uncommonly attractive. I do not know how it is, I fear this man of war—I abhor his swearing, and never could love him, no—never; and yet I do like to hear him talk to me, his voice is so musical, and his discourse so modest and suitable for female ear. He has seen much of foreign parts, and has helped me to pass many a weary hour. His anecdotes are both amusing and instructive. How strange a contradiction is man! He swears, because I heard him swear about me; and yet there is an air of piety that pervades his discourse, that is very pleasing. If thee had heard the terms of just indignation with which he related the polygamy of the Turks, and how they ought to be hung that had so many wives, thee could not believe it was the same person who used profane oaths. I think if he was one of the Friends, instead of a captain of the Queen's hosts, I should fear to be so much with him, lest my affections might outstrip his.

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Of the other passengers I cannot say much. They play at cards, and throw the dice, and for money too—and drink a great deal, and talk very loud. It is a discordant scene, and very noisy, for there are people of all nations here. Their prejudices and predilections are amusing: the French cannot eat sea-biscuit, they are so used to soup; the Jews will not touch pork; the teetotals abjure wines and strong drink; the Catholics every now and then refuse meat, and eat only fish; the English abhor molasses, and the Yankees abuse French wines; the foreigners detest rum, and tobacco is a constant source of discussion: yet, amid all this, there is no quarrelling. I have not been sea-sick myself at all, though the captain was for two days; and it was fortunate for him his sister was on board to minister to his wants. He is very courageous. During the dreadful gale we had, he asked me to go on deck and see how beautiful the ocean looked in such a tempest, and he supported me with his arm in the kindest manner. As we passed the cabin of the missionary passenger on deck, we heard music, and stopped to listen. It was a hymn that he and several persons joined in singing. As it rose and fell on the blast, its melancholy

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tones of supplication had a striking effect, and touched the heart with sadness. What a fitting time this would have been to have appealed to him against the irreverent use of His name who was walking abroad on the waters; but my heart failed me—for just as I looked at him to speak, I encountered those eyes, those beautiful, speaking, searching eyes, that so unaccountably compel me to withdraw mine, and cause me a kind of confusion. Perhaps such another opportunity may not occur again. I feel interested in him on account of his lovely sister, who is all gentleness and goodness; and although I abhor war, and fear warriors, and shall never forget his profaneness in calling an humble maiden like me an angel, yet it is the only fault he has, and it would be cruel to regard him with averted looks or frowns of indignation.

Indeed, one cannot harbour such thoughts at sea, where the heart is impressed by its mystery, elevated by its sublimity, and awed by its power. Vast, restless, trackless, unfathomable, and inscrutable, what an emblem it is of the ubiquity and power of God! How many ideas it suggests; how it awakens the imagination; how it subdues and softens the heart;

FROM THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

how vast are the treasures of this great storehouse of the world! How many kind, generous, and faithful beings has the sea folded in its bosom! and oh! how many have gone down to its caverns, amidst the thunders of war, with the guilt of blood upon their hands, to realize what man, sinful man, miscalls glory! Of vessels wrecked, or burned, or foundered, the number must have been fearfully great; and oh! what aching hearts, agonizing shrieks, and lingering deaths has it witnessed! I know not how it is, I cannot look abroad upon this world of waters without being strongly impressed with a melancholy feeling of interest in those untold tales—those hidden annals—those secrets of the vasty deep. If the captain thought as I did, he would not lightly—but I forget, I only mention his name because there is really so little to write about, that is worth a thought in this great floating caravansary. When I arrive at New York, which I hope will be on the third morning of the second week of this month, I shall write thee again.

REBECCA FOX.

P.S.—I hear the weather in Philadelphia is excessively hot, and that it is necessary to wear thin clothing, to avoid the yellow fever. So

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thee will please to send me the finest and thinnest muslin thee can find for my neck; and though I may not wear Leghorn or Palmetto, yet a gauze bonnet would not be so heavy as mine, in this intense heat, nor intercept so painfully all air. Delicate lace gloves, methinks, would confer similar advantages. The captain has just inquired of me what route we take on our arrival, and says it is remarkable that he and his sister had fixed on the same tour, and leave New York by the same conveyance we do. I had wished for her company, and am much pleased to be favoured with it.

SAM SLICK AT THE RACES

(From "The Clockmaker; or, the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville,"
First Series, 1836.)

SAM SLICK of Slickville, Onion County, Connecticut, travelled over Nova Scotia, selling clocks. His racy adventures, quaint phrases, and shrewd comments on men and affairs, have made him the outstanding character in Canadian fiction. More than that, he is to the world at large, the typical Yankee; and it is through him that Haliburton is regarded as the founder of the American school of humour.

With all his good qualities, Sam is unscrupulous; but he is never a hypocrite. Moreover, he likes to find a moral in everything. He uses this tale about his father at the horse races to give a "practical lesson in morals and politics."

SAM SLICK AT THE RACES

I raised a four-year-old colt once, half-blood, a perfect pictur' of a horse, and a genuine clipper; could gallop like the wind; a raal daisy; a perfect doll; had an eye like a weasel, and nostril like Commodore Rodger's speakin' trumpet. Well, I took it down to the races to New York, and father he went along with me; for says he: "Sam, you don't know everything, I guess; you han't cut your wisdom-teeth yet, and you are goin' among them that's had 'em through their gums this while past." Well, when he gets to the races, father he gets colt, and puts him in an old waggon, with a worn-out Dutch harness and breast-band—he looked like Old Nick; that's a fact—then he fastened a head martingale on, and buckled it to the girths atwixt his fore legs. Says I, "Father, what on airth are you at? I vow I feel ashamed to be seen with such a catamaran as that, and colt looks like Saytan himself—no soul would know him." "I guess I warn't born yesterday," says he. "Let me be; I know what I am at. I guess I'll slip it into 'em afore I've done, as

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slick as a whistle. I guess I can see as far into a mill-stone as the best on 'em."

Well, father never entered the horse at all, but stood by and see'd the races; and the winnin' horse was follered about by the matter of two or three thousand people, a-praisin' of him and admirin' him. They seemed as if they had never see'd a horse afore. The owner of him was all up on eend a-boastin' of him, and a-stumpin' the course to produce a horse to run again' him for four hundred dollars. Father goes up to him, looking as soft as dough, and as meechin' as you please, and says he, "Friend, it an't everyone that has four hundred dollars; it's a plaguy sight of money, I tell *you*. Would you run for one hundred dollars, and give me a little start? If you would, I'd try my colt out of my old waggon agin' you, I vow." "Let's look at your horse," says he. So away they went, and a proper sight of people arter them, to look at the colt; and when they see'd him, they sot up such a larf I felt e'en a'most ready to cry for spite. Says I to myself, "What can possess the old man to act arter that fashion? I do believe he has taken leave of his senses." "You needn't larf," says father; "he's smarter than he looks. Our minister's old horse, Captain

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Jack, is reckoned as quick a beast of his age as any in our location, and that 'are colt can beat him for a lick of a quarter of a mile quite easy; I see'd it myself." Well, they larfed again louder than before; and says father, "If you dispute my word, try me. What odds will you give?" "Two to one," says the owner; "eight hundred to four hundred dollars." "Well, that's a great deal of money, ain't it?" says father. "If I was to lose it, I'd look pretty foolish, wouldn't I? How folks would pass their jokes at me when I went home again! You wouldn't take that 'are waggon and harness for fifty dollars of it, would you?" says he. "Well," says the other, "sooner than disappoint you, as you seem to have set your mind on losing your money, I don't care if I do."

As soon as it was settled, father drives off to the stables, and then returns mounted, with a red silk pocket handkerchief tied round his head, and colt a-looking like himself, as proud as a nabob, chock full of spring like the wire eend of a bran'-new pair of trouser gallusses. One said, "That's a plaguy nice-lookin' colt that old feller has, arter all." "That horse will show play for it yet," says a third. And I heerd one feller say, "I guess that's a rigular

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Yankee trick—a complete take-in.” They had a fair start for it, and off they sot. Father took the lead, and kept it, and won the race, tho’ it was a pretty tight scratch, for father was too old to ride colt; he was near about the matter of seventy years old.

Well, when the colt was walked round after the race, there was an amazin’ crowd arter him, and several wanted to buy him; but says father, “How am I to get home without him, and what shall I do with that ’are waggon and harness, so far as I be from Slickville?” So he kept them in talk till he felt their pulses pretty well, and at last he closed with a Southener for seven hundred dollars; and we returned, havin’ made a considerable good spec of colt. Says father to me, “Sam,” says he, “you see’d the crowd a-follerin’ of the winnin’ horse when we came here, didn’t you?” “Yes, sir,” said I, “I did.” “Well, when colt beat him no one follered him at all, but come a-crowdin’ about *him*. That’s popularity,” said he; “soon won, soon lost; cried up sky-high one minute, and desarted the next, or run down. Colt will share the same fate. He’ll get beat afore long, and then he’s done for. The multitude are always fickle-minded. Our great Washington found

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that out, and the British officer that beat Buona-
parte; the bread they gave him turned sour
afore he got half through the loaf; his soup
had hardly stiffened afore it ran right back to
lye and grease again.

"I was sarved the same way. I liked to
have missed my pension. The Committee said
I warn't at Bunker's Hill at all—the villains!
That was a Glo——" (Thinks I, "Old boy,
if you once get into that 'are field, you'll race
longer than colt, a plaguy sight: you'll run
clear away to the fence to the far eend afore
you stop," so I jist cut in and took a hand
myself). "Yes," says I, "you did 'em, father,
properly. That old waggon was a bright
scheme. It led 'em on till you got 'em on the
right spot, didn't it?" Says father: "*There's
a moral, Sam, in everything in natur'*. Never
have nothin' to do with elections. You see the
valy of popularity in the case of that 'are horse.
Sarve the public nine hundred and ninety-nine
times, and the thousandth, if they don't agree
with you, they desart you and abuse you. See
how they sarved old John Adams! See how
they let Jefferson starve in his old age! See
how good old Munroe like to have got right
into jail after his term of President was up!

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They may talk of independence," says father, "but, Sam, I'll tell you what independence is," and he gave his hands a slap agin his trousers' pocket, and made the gold eagles he won at the race all jingle again—"that," says he, a-givin' of them another wipe with his fist (and winkin', as much as to say, "Do you hear that, my boy?")—"that I call independence." He was in great spirits, the old man, he was so proud of winnin' the race, and puttin' the leake into the New Yorkers; he looked all dander. "Let them great hungry, ill-favoured, long-legged bitterns," says he (only he called them by another name that don't sound quite pretty), "from the outlandish States to Congress *talk about* independence; but, Sam," said he, hittin' the shiners again till he made them dance right up on eend in his pocket, "*I like to feel it.*"

"No, Sam," said he; "line the pocket well first—make that independent, and then the spirit will be like a horse turned out to grass in the spring for the first time: he's all head and tail, a-snortin', and kickin', and racin', and carryin' on like mad; it soon gets independent too. While it's in the stall, it may hold up, and paw, and whiner, and feel as spry as anything; but the leather straps keeps it to the

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manger, and the lead weight to the eend of it makes it hold down its head at last. No," says he, "here's independence," and he gave the eagles such a drive with his fist, he barst his pocket, and sent a whole raft of them a-spinnin' down his legs to the ground. Says I, "Father" —(and I swear I could hardly keep from larfin', he looked so peskily vexed)—"father," says I, "I guess there's a moral in that 'are, too. *Extremes nary way none o' the best.*" "Well, well," says he, kinder snappishly, "I suppose you're half right, Sam. But we've said enough about it; let's drop the subject, and see if I have picked 'em all up, for my eyes are none of the best now; I'm near hand to seventy."

A CURE FOR SMUGGLING

(From "The Clockmaker; or, the Sayings and
Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville,"
Second Series, 1838)

SAM SLICK went about the colony in company with the Squire, who recorded their conversations. On one occasion, when they found themselves at Liverpool, on the west coast of Nova Scotia, Sam was reminded of an adventure he had had there with the revenue officers.

A CURE FOR SMUGGLING

I shall never forget a talk I had with Ichabod Gates here, and a frolic him and me had with the tide-waiter. Ichabod had a large store o' goods, and I was in there one evenin' a-drinkin' tea along with him, and we got a-talkin' about smugglin'. Says he, "Mr. Slick, your people ruin the trade here, they *do* smuggle so; I don't know as I ever shall be able to get rid of my stock of goods, and it cost me a considerable of a sum too. What a pity it is them navy people, instead of carryin' freights of money from the West Indgies, warn't employed more a-protectin' of our fisheries and our trade." "Why don't you smuggle, then, too," says I, "and meet 'em in their own way?—tit for tat—diamond cut diamond—smuggle yourselves and seize *them*;—free trade and sailor's rights is our maxim." "Why," says he, "I ain't jist altogether certified that it's right; it goes agin my conscience to do the like o' that 'are, and I must say I like a fair deal. In a ginerall way a'most, I've observed what's got over the devil's back is commonly lost onder his belly. It don't seem to wear well." "Well,

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that's onconvenient too, to be so thin-skinned," said I; "for conscience most commonly has a hide as thick as the sole of one's foot; you may cover it with leather to make it look decent-like, but it will bear a considerable hard scrubbin' without anythin' over it. Now," says I, "I will put you on a track that will sarve you without bringin' corns on your conscience either. Do you jist pretend to smuggle and make believe as if you were agoin' the whole hog in it. It's safer and full out as profitable as the raal thing, and, besides, there's no sort o' risk in it in the world. When folks hear a thing is smuggled they always think it's cheap, and never look into the price; they bite directly—it's a grand bait, that. Now always onload your vessels at night, and let folks hear a cart agoin' into your place atween two and three o'clock in the mornin'; fix one o' the axles so it will squeak like a pig, and do you look suspicious, mysterious, and oneasy. Says you (when a chap says, 'I guess you were up late last night'), 'Ax me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies. There are so many pimpin' eyes about now, a body has to be cautious if he don't want to get into the centre of a hobble. If I'm up late, I guess it's nobody's business but my own I'm

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about, anyhow; but I hope you won't make no remarks about what you see'd or heerd.'

"Well, when a feller axes arter a thing, do you jist stand and look at him for a space without sayin' a word, inquirin' like, with a dubersome look, as if you didn't know as you could trust him or no; then jist wink, put your finger on your nose, and say, 'Mum is the word.' Take a candle and light it, and say, 'Foller me now,' and take him into the cellar. 'Now,' says you, 'friend, don't betray me, I beseech you, for your life; don't let on to anyone about this place; people will never think o' suspectin' me, if you only keep dark about it. I'll let you see some things,' says you, 'that will please you, I know; but don't blow me—that's a good soul. This article,' says you, 'a-takin' up one that cost three pounds, 'I can afford to let you have as low as five pounds, and that one as cheap as six pounds, on one condition—but, mind you, it's on them tarms only—and that is, that you don't tell anyone, not even your wife, where you got it; but you must promise me on the word and honour of a man.' The critter will fall right into the trap, and swear by all that's good he'll never breathe it to a livin' soul, and then go right off and tell his

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wife; and you might as well pour a thing into a filterin' stone as into a woman's ear. It will run right thro', and she'll go a-braggin' to her neighbours of the bargain they got, and swear them to secrecy, and they'll tell the whole country in the same way, as a secret, of the cheap things Ichabod Gates has. Well, the excise folks will soon hear o' this, and come and sarch your house from top to bottom, and the sarch will make your fortin'; for, as they can't find nothin', you will get the credit of doin' the officers in great style."

"Well, well," said Ichabod, "if you Yankees don't beat all natur'. I don't believe on my soul there's a critter in all Nova Scotia would 'a thought o' such a scheme as that; but it's a grand joke, and comports with conscience, for it paralls pretty close with the truth: I'll try it."

"Try it," says I, "to be sure; let's go right off this blessed night and hide away a parcel of your goods in the cellar—put some in the garret and some in the gig-house. Begin and sell to-morrow, and all the time I'm in Liverpool I'll keep a-runnin' in and out o' your house; sometimes I'll jist come to the corner of the fence, put my head over and draw it back agin, as if I didn't want folks to see me, and some-

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times I'll make as if I was a-goin' out, and if I see anyone a-comin' I'll spring back and hide behind the door: it will set the whole town on the look-out—and they'll say it's me that's a-smugglin' either on my own hook or your'n." In three days he had a great run o' custom particularly arter nightfall. It was fun alive to see how the critters were bammed by that hoax.

On the fifth day the tide-waiter came. "Mr. Slick," says he, "I've information th——" "Glad to hear it," says I; "an officer without information would be a poor tool—that's a fact." Well, it brought him up all a-standin'. Says he, "Do you know who you are a-talkin' to?" "Yes," says I, "I guess I do; I'm talkin' to a man of information, and that bein' the case, I'll be so bold as to ax you one question—have you anything to say to me, for I'm in a considerable of a hurry?" "Yes," said he, "I have. I'm informed you have smuggled goods in the house."

"Mr. Gates," said he, "give me a candle—I must go to the cellar." "Sartainly, sir," said Ichabod, "you may sarch where you please. I've never smuggled yet, and I am not a-goin' now to commence at my time of life." As soon

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as he got the candle, and was a-goin' down to the cellar with Gates, I called out to Ichabod. "Here," says I, "Ich, run quick, for your life—now's your time;" and off we ran upstairs as hard as we could leg it, and locked the door; the sarcher heerin' that, up too and arter us hot foot, and bust open it. As soon as we heerd him a-doin' of that, we out o' the other door and locked that also, and down the back stairs to where we started from. It was some time afore he broke in the second door, and then he follered us down, lookin' like a proper fool. "I'll pay you up for this," said he to me. "I hope so," said I, "and Ichabod too. A pretty time o' day this, when folks can tare and race over a decent men's house, and smash all afore him this way for nothin', ain't it? Them doors you broke all to pieces will come to sunthin' you may depend; a joke is a joke, but that's no joke." Arter that he took his time, searched the cellar, upper rooms, lower rooms, and garret, and found nothin' to seize; he was all cut up, and amazin' vexed and put out. Says I: "Friend, if you want to catch a weasel, you must catch him asleep; now, if you want to catch me a-smugglin', rise considerably airyly in the mornin', will you?" This story made

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Ichabod's fortin' a'most; he had smuggled goods to sell for three years, and yet no one could find him in the act, or tell where onder the sun he had hid 'em away to. At last the secret leaked out, and it fairly broke up smugglin' on the whole shore. The story has done more nor twenty officers—that's a fact.

THE DUKE OF KENT AND HIS TRUMPETER

(From "The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England," Second Series, 1844)

AS an attaché to the American Legation at the Court of Saint James, Sam Slick went to England, where he had his fun at the expense of the English. Through "The Attaché" Haliburton struck back good-naturedly at Dickens for his "American Notes."

But this book is less interesting for its description of English life, than for its new pictures of Nova Scotia, which Sam paints in retrospect. The following tale about the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, gives an amusing glimpse of early colonial life.

THE DUKE AND HIS TRUMPETER

Tell you what it is, Minister, said Mr. Slick, I am not the fool you take me to be, I deny the charge. I don't boast a bit more nor any foreigner; in fact, I don't think I boast at all. Hear old Bull here, every day, talkin' about the low Irish, the poor, mean, proud Scotch, the Yankee fellers, the horrid foreigners, the "nothin' but a colonist," and so on. He asks me out to entertain me, and then sings "Britannia rules the waves." My old grandmother used to rule a copy book, and I wrote on it. I guess the British rule the waves, and we write victory on it. Then hear that noisy, splutterin' crittur, Bull-Frog. He talks you dead about the Grand Nation, the beautiful France, and the capitol of the world—Paris. What do I do? Why I only say, "Our great, almighty republic is the toploftiest nation atween the Poles." That ain't boastin', nor crackin', nor nothin' of the sort. It's only jist a fact, like—all men must die—or any other truth. Oh, catch me a-boastin'! I know a trick worth two of that. It ain't pleasant to be your own trumpeter

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always, I can tell you. It reminds me, said he (for he could never talk for five minutes without an illustration), it reminds me of what happened to Queen's father in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward as they called him then.

Oncet upon a time he was travellin' on the Great Western road, and most of the rivers, those days, had ferry-boats and no bridges. So his trumpeter was sent afore him to 'nounce his comin', with a great French-horn, to the ferryman who lived on t'other side of the water. Well, his trumpeter was a Jarman, and didn't speak a word of English. Most all that family was very fond of Jarmans; they settle them everywhere a'most. When he came to the ferry, the magistrates and nobbs, and big bugs of the country were all drawn up in state, waitin' for Prince. In those days abusin' and insultin' a Governor, kickin' up shindy in a province, and playin' the devil there, warn't no recommendation in Downin' Street. Colonists hadn't got their eyes open then, and at that time there was no school for the blind. It was Pullet Thompson taught them to read. Poor critturs! they didn't know no better then; so out they all goes to meet King's son, and pay their respects, and when Kissinkirk came to the bank,

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and they seed him all dressed in green, covered with gold lace, and splendiferous cocked-hat on, with lace on it, and a great big, old-fashioned brass French-horn, 'that was rubbed bright enough to put out eyes, a-hangin' over his shoulder, they took him for the Prince, for they'd never seed nothin' half so fine afore. The bugle they took for gold, 'cause, in course, a Prince wouldn't wear nothin' but gold, and they thought it was his huntin' horn—and his bein' alone they took for state, 'cause he was too big for any one to ride with. So they all off hats at once to old Kissinkirk, the Jarman trumpeter. Lord, when he see that, he was bunfungered!

"Thun Sie ihren Hut an du verdamnter Thor," sais he, which means, in English, "Put on your hats, you cussed fools." Well, they was fairly stumpt. They looked fust at him and bowed, and then at each other; and stared vacant; and then he sais agin, "Mynheers, damn!" for that was the only English word he knew, and then he stampt agin, and sais over in Dutch once more to put on their hats; and then called over as many (crooked) Jarman oaths as would reach across the river if they were stretched out strait. "What in nature' is that?" sais

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one; "Why, high Dutch," sais an old man; "I heerd the Waldecker troops at the evakvation of New York speak it. Don't you know the King's father was a high Dutchman, from Brunswick; in course the Prince can't speak English." "Well," sais the other, "do you know what it means?" "In course I do," sais Loyalist (and, oh, if some o' them boys couldn't lie, I don't know who could, that's all; by their own accounts it's a wonder how we ever got independence, for them fellers swore they won every battle that was fought), "in course I do," sais he, "that is," sais he, "I used to did to speak it at Long Island, but that's a long time ago. Yes, I understand a leetle," sais Loyalist. "His Royal Highness' excellent Majesty sais,—'Man the ferry-boat, and let the magistrates row me over the ferry.'—It is a beautiful language, is Dutch." "So it is," sais they, "if one could only understand it," and off they goes, and spreads out a great roll of home-spun cloth for him to walk on, and then they form two lines for him to pass through to the boat. Lord! when he comes to the cloth he stops agin, and stamps like a jackass when the flies tease him, and gives the cloth a kick up, and wouldn't walk on it, and sais in high Dutch,

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in a high Jarman voice too, "You infarnal fools!—you stupid blockheads!—you cussed jackasses!" and a great deal more of them pretty words, and then walked on. "Oh, dear!" sais they, "only see how he kicks the cloth; that's cause it's homespun. Oh, dear! but what does he say?" says they. Well, Loyalist felt stumpt; he knew some screw was loose with the Prince by the way he shook his fist, but what he couldn't tell; but as he had begun to lie he had to go knee deep into it, and push on. "He sais, he hopes he may die this blessed minit if he won't tell his father, the old King, when he returns to home, how well you have behaved," sais he, "and that it's a pity to soil such beautiful cloth." "Oh!" sais they, "was that it? We was afraid somethin' or another had gone wrong; come, let's give three cheers for the Prince's Most Excellent Majesty," and they made the woods and the river ring agin. Oh, how mad Kissinkirk was! he expected the Prince would tie him up and give him five hundred lashes for his impudence in representin' of him. Oh! he was ready to bust with rage and vexation. He darsn't strike any one, or he would have given 'em a slap with the horn in a moment, he was so wrathly. So what does he do as they

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was holdin' the boat, but ups trumpet and blew a blast in the Custos' ear, all of a sudden, that left him hard of hearin' on that side for a month; and he sais in high Dutch, "Tunder and blitzen! Take that, you old fool; I wish I could blow you into the river." Well, they rowed him over the river, and then formed agin two lines, and Kissinkirk passed up atween 'em as sulky as a bear; and then he put his hand in his pocket, and took out somethin', and held it out to Custos, who dropt right down on his knee in a minit, and received it, and it was a fourpenny bit. Then Kissinkirk waved his hand to them to be off quick-stick, and muttered agin somethin' which Loyalist said was "Go across agin and wait for my sarvants," which they did. "Oh!" sais the magistrates to Custos, as they was a-goin' back agin, "how could you take pay, squire? How could you receive money from Prince? Our county is disgraced for ever. You have made us feel as mean as Ingians." "I wouldn't have taken it if it had a been worth anythin'," sais Custos, "but didn't you see his delicacy; he knowed that too, as well as I did, so he offered me a fourpenny bit, as much as to say, "You are above all pay, but accept the smallest thing possible, as a keepsake from

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King's son." "Those were his very words," sais Loyalist; "I'll swear to 'em, the very identical ones." "I thought so," sais Custos, looking big. "I hope I know what is due to his Majesty's Royal Highness, and what is due to me, also, as Custos of this county." And he drew himself up stately, and said nothin', and looked as wise as the owl who had been studyin' a speech for five years, and intended to speak it when he got it by heart. Jist then down comes Prince and all his party, gallopin' like mad to the ferry, for he used to ride always as if old Nick was at his heels; jist like a streak of lightnin'. So up goes Custos to Prince, quite free and easy, without so much as touchin' his hat, or givin' him the time o' day. "What the plague kept you so long?" sais he; "your master has been waitin' for you this half-hour. Come, bear a hand, the Prince is all alone over there." It was some time afore Prince made out what he meant; but when he did, if he didn't let go it's a pity. He almost upsot the boat, he larfed so obstroperous. One squall o' larfin' was hardly over afore another come on. Oh, it was a tempestical time, you may depend; and when he'd got over one fit of it, he'd say, "Only think of them takin' old Kissinkirk for me!"

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and he'd larf agin ready to split. Kissinkirk was frightened to death; he didn't know how Prince would take it, or what he would do, for he was an awful strict officer; but when he seed him larf so he knowed all was right. Poor old Kissinkirk! the last time I seed him was to Windsor. He lived in a farm-house there on charity. He'd larnt a little English, though not much. It was him told me the story; and when he wound it up, he sais, "It tante always sho shafe, Mishter Shlick, to be your own drumpeter;" and I'll tell you what, Minister, I am of the same opinion with the old bugler. It is *not* always safe to be one's own trumpeter, and that's a fact.

A NOVA SCOTIA WELCOME

(From "The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England," Second Series, 1844)

SAM found very much to admire in England, but he missed the warmth of Nova Scotian hospitality. In a conversation with the Squire, held in a hotel in Liverpool, England, he contrasts an innkeeper's civility in the old world with that in the new.

Incidentally, his remarks throw light on Haliburton's method of gathering material for his books.

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Arter takin' these two samples out of the bulk, now go to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and streak it off to Windsor, hot foot. First stage is Bedford Basin. Poor, dear old Marm Bedford, the moment she sets eyes on you, is out to meet you in less than half no time. Oh, look at the colour of that smile. It's a good wholesome reddish-colour, fresh and warm from the heart, and it's more than skin-deep, too, for there is a laugh walking arm-in-arm with it, lock and lock, that fetches her sides up with a hitch at every jolt of it. Then that hand ain't a ghost's hand, I can tell you; it's good solid flesh and blood, and it gives you a shake that says "I'm in rail, right down airnest." "Oh, Squire, is that you?—well, I am glad to see you; you are welcome home agin:—we was most afeered you was goin' to leave us; folks made so much of you t'other side of the water. Well, travellin' agrees with you—it does indeed—you look quite hearty agin."

"But, come," says you, "sit down, my old friend, and tell me the news, for I have seen nobody yet; I only landed two hours ago."

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“Well,” she’ll say, “the Admiral’s daughter’s married, and the Commissioner’s daughter is married:” and then, shuttin’ the door, “they do say Miss A. is to be married to Colonel B. and the widow X. to Lawyer V., but I don’t believe the last, for she is too good for him: he’s a low, radical fellow, that, and she has too much good sense to take such a creature as him.” “What bishop was that I saw here just now?” says you. “A Westindgy bishop,” sais she; “he left half-an-hour ago, with a pair of hosses, two servants, three pounds of butter, a dozen of fresh eggs, and a basket of blue berries. But Miss M., what do you think, Squire? she has given Captain Tufthunt the mitten, she has indeed, upon my word!—fact, I assure you. Ain’t it curious, Squire, weddin’s is never out of women’s heads. They never think of nothin’ else. A young gall is always thinkin’ of her own; as soon as she is married, she is a match makin’ for her companions, and when she is a little grain older, her darter’s weddin’ is uppermost agin. Oh, it takes great study to know a woman—how cunnin’ they are! Ask a young gall all the news, she’ll tell you of all the deaths in the place, to make you think she don’t trouble herself about marriages. Ask an

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old woman, she'll tell you of all the marriages to make you think she is takin' an interest in the world that she ain't. They sartainly do beat all, do women." Well, then, Marm will jump up all of a sudden, and say, "But, dear me, while I am a sitten' here a-talkin', there is no orders for your lunch; what will you have, Squire?" "What you can't get anywhere in first chop style," says you, "but in Nova Scotia, and never here in perfection but at your house—a broiled chicken and blue-nose potatoes." "Ah!" says she, puttin' up her finger and lookin' arch, "now you are makin' fun of us, Squire?" "Upon my soul I am not," says you, and you may safely swear to that too, I can tell you; for that house has a broiled chicken and a potato for a man that's in a hurry to move on, that may stump the world. Well, then you'll light a cigar, and stroll out to look about the location, for you know every tree, and stone, and brook, and hill, about there, as well as you know beans, and they will talk to the heart as plain as if they was gifted with gab. Oh, home is home, however homely, I can tell you. And as you go out, you see faces in the bar-room you know, and it's "Oh, Squire, how are you?—Welcome home agin,—glad to

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see you once more; how have you had your health in a general way? Saw your folks drivin' out yesterday—they are all well to home."

They don't take their hats off, them chaps, for they ain't dependents, like tenants here: most of them farmers are as well off as you be, and some on 'em better; but they jist up and give you a shake of the daddle, and ain't a bit the less pleased; your books have made 'em better known, I can tell you. They are kinder proud of 'em, that's a fact. Then the moment your back is turned, what's their talk?—why it's "Well it's kinder nateral to see him back here again among us, ain't it; he is lookin' well, but he is broken a good deal, too; he don't look so cheerful as he used to did, and don't you mind, as he grows older, he looks more like his father, too?" "I've heerd a good many people remark it," says they. "Where on airth," says one, "did he get all them queer stories he has sot down in his books, and them Yankee words, don't it beat all natur?" "Get them," says another; "why he is a sociable kind of man, and as he travels round the circuits, he happens on a purpose, accidentally like, with folks, and sets 'em a-talkin', or makes an excuse to light a cigar, goes in, sets down and hears all and

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sees all. I mind, I drove him to Liverpool, to court there oncet, and on our way we stopt at Sawaway village. Well, I stays out to mind the horse, and what does he do but goes in, and scrapes acquaintance with Marm—for if there is a man and a woman in the room, petticoats is sartain to carry the day with him. Well, when I come back, there was him and Marm a-standin' up by the mantel-piece, as thick as two thieves, a-chattin' away as if they had knowed each other for ever a'most. When she come out, says she, 'Who on airth is that man? He is the most sociable man I ever seed.' 'That,' says I, 'why it's Lawyer Poker.' 'Poker!' says she, in great fright, and a-raisin' of her voice, 'which Poker, for there is two of that name, one that lives to Halifax, and one that lives to Windsor; which is it?' says she. 'Tell me this minnit.' 'Why,' says I, 'him that wrote the "Clockmaker."' 'What, Sam Slick?' says she, and she screamed out at the tip eend of her tongue, 'Oh, my goodies! if I had knowed that I wouldn't have gone into the room on no account. They say, though he appears to take no notice, nothin' never escapes him; he hears everything, and sees everything, and has his eye in every cubby-hole. Oh, dear, dear, here

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I am with the oldest gownd on I have, with two buttons off behind, and my hair not curled, and me a-talkin' away as if he was only a common man! It will be all down in the next book, see if it ain't. Lord love you, what made you bring him here,—I am frighten to death; oh, dear! oh, dear! only think of this old gownd! That's the way he gets them stories; he gets them in travellin'."

Oh, Squire, there's a vast difference atween a thick peopled and a thin peopled country. Here you may go in and out of a bar-room or coffee-room a thousand times and no one will even ax who you are. They don't know, and they don't want to know. Well then, Squire, just as you are a leavin' of Bedford-house to progress to Windsor, out runs black Jim, (you recollect Jim that has been there so long, don't you?) a grinnin' from ear to ear like a catamount, and opens carriage-door. "Grad to see you back, massa; miss you a-travelin' shocking bad, sar. I like your society werry much, you werry good company, sar." You give him a look as much as to say, "What do you mean, you black rascal?" and then laugh, 'cause you know he tried to be civil, and you give him a shilling, and then Jim shows you

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two rows of ivory, such as they never seed in this country, in all their born days. Oh, yes, smile for smile, heart for heart, kindness for kindness, welcome for welcome—give me old Nova Scotia yet;—there ain't nothin' like it here.

THE STORY OF NICHOLAS SPOHR

(From "The Old Judge; or, Life in a
Colony, 1849)

IN "The Old Judge," which was written when Haliburton's powers were mature, the author attempted to give a careful and comprehensive picture of early life in Nova Scotia. He shows many types of people, some in official circles in Halifax, others in the backwoods of the province. The following story introduces the German settlers in the vicinity of Lunenburg.

The character of Nicholas Spohr is unfolded with rare skill, and the narrative is constructed with a neatness that Haliburton did not exhibit in his earlier works.

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I have been a good deal struck of late with the difference between that portion of the Anglo-Saxon race established here and the parent stock. You hear the same language, you see the same dress, and, in the large towns, you associate with people whose general habits and usages of society are similar, and, at a superficial view, are apt to conclude that you are among your own countrymen. A closer inspection and a more intimate knowledge of them soon undeceive you; and the more you know of them, the greater does the difference appear.

The western half of Nova Scotia is mainly peopled by the descendants of old colonists, with a slight intermixture of Scotch, and emigrants from the north of Ireland. With the exception of a county settled by Germans, and a township by French Acadians, this population may now be said to be homogeneous. Throughout it there is an individuality not to be found in England. There are no hamlets, no little rural villages, no collection of houses, but for the purpose of trade; and, of course, there is no mutual dependence for assistance or defence.

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No system of landlord and tenant, of farmer and cotter, and, consequently, no motive or duty to protect and encourage on the one hand, or to conciliate and sustain on the other. No material difference in rank or fortune, except in the capital, and hence no means to direct or even to influence opinion; and, above all, no unity in religious belief; and, therefore, no one temple in which they can all worship together, and offer up their united prayers and thanksgivings as members of one great family to their common Father in Heaven. Interest, therefore, predominates over affection, and the ties of friendship are weak. Every one lives by himself and for himself. People dwell on their own properties at a distance from each other, and every household constitutes its own little world; but even here the habit of early migration from the parental roof, and a total want of local attachment, added to a strong and confident feeling of self-reliance, weaken the force of domestic love, and the heart suffers. Woman, we are told, was made for man; but, alas! man in America was made for himself. He is independent of the world, and can do without it. He is full of expedients, and able to support himself. He can, and often does,

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remove far into the depths of the forest, where, alone and unaided, he erects his own house, and ministers to his own wants.

While discoursing on this subject with the Judge, he told me the following interesting story, illustrative of this sort of isolated life, and of the habits of lone settlers in the wilderness.

As the scene of the tale I am about to narrate to you is on La Haive river, I must first inform you how and by whom that part of the country was settled. Halifax was built in 1749. As soon as it was capable of receiving and sheltering more than its own population, 2,000 persons were induced to emigrate thither from Holland and Germany, and, in 1753, were settled at an adjacent outport, to which they gave the name of Lunenburg. The privations, sufferings, and dangers encountered by these poor foreigners defy all description. At that time, Canada, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Breton, were in possession of the French, while the most fertile parts of Nova Scotia were occupied by their countrymen, who were permitted to retain their property upon a promise

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of neutrality, which they found themselves unable to perform. The Indians, who were then very numerous and very hostile (for they had been instructed that the English and their allies were the people who had crucified their Saviour), were wholly devoted to their interest, and bent on exterminating the intruders. The inhabitants had no sooner erected their buildings, than they found their situation so dangerous that they were obliged to construct nine block-houses for their defence, and enclose the town and settlement with a high and strong picket fence. Notwithstanding these precautions, the savages managed to kill, scalp, or make prisoners of many of them, and the operations of agriculture were wholly suspended. Cruelty usually begets cruelty, and the Governor of the province offered a reward of £30 for every male Indian prisoner above sixteen years of age, and £25 for his scalp, and a proportionable bounty for women and children when brought in, alive or dead.

Such was the desperate condition of these poor emigrants, until 1760, when the French possessions on this part of the continent passed into the hands of the English. So great had

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been the depredations of their enemies, that the population of Lunenburg had only increased to the extent of seven souls in as many years. In 1761, the Indians entered into a formal treaty of peace with the local government at Halifax, and the hatchet was buried with much ceremony, and under a salute from the batteries, in a grave that had been mutually prepared for it by those who were to be benefitted by its sepulture.

After that period, the Germans (for, notwithstanding the Belgic origin of some of them, they have always been known by that name) began to settle on different parts of the seashore, and the borders of rivers, where the land was fertile, or the harbour inviting; for, in the absence of all roads, they could only communicate with the capital by means of coasting vessels.

Among those that strayed to the greatest distance, was Nicholas Spøhr. He explored La Haive (a river about seven miles to the southward of Lunenburg), which, during the greater part of the preceding century, had been frequented by fishing-vessels from France, to the master of one of which it was indebted for

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its name, which it still retains. It is one of the largest and most beautiful rivers in this country, which it nearly intersects. At its mouth there are a number of islands of great beauty and fertility, forming well-sheltered and safe anchorage-ground, which, tradition says, were, in the olden time, the hiding-places of pirates; and that venerable chronicler, "the oldest inhabitant," whispers, were more recently the resort of privateers.

Several miles above the entrance, Nicholas discovered a part of the river which, by an enlargement in a semicircular shape, formed a miniature harbour, nearly enclosed, and effectually concealed by two hooded promontories, that gave to the Cove a striking resemblance to a horse-shoe. Here he found, to his astonishment, a clearing that extended to the water's edge, and contained about forty acres of land, in the centre of which was a long, low, wooden dwelling-house, which, with an extensive projection in the rear, resembled the letter T. On the right was a large, substantial warehouse of the same materials, and, on the left, a block-house constructed of hewn timbers, having loopholes for muskets, and, on the first floor,

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four window-shutters (one on each side), so arranged as to admit of the discharge of a swivel, which was still on its carriage. Between this floor and the roof there was no ceiling, but the rafters supported a bell of sufficient size to be heard across the river. On the slope towards the forest, was a square field of about one acre of land, surrounded by very large willows, and containing in the centre some old apple-trees, planted so closely together that their limbs were entangled one with the other. This enclosure had originally been laid out as a garden, and bore evident marks of taste as well as care. The walks could still be traced by low edgings, which had grown wild from neglect, by currant and gooseberry-bushes, and rose-trees, and sweetbriars, that now contended with tall rank grass for sufficient air and light to support life. Near the entrance was an arbour, built over a bubbling spring of the purest water, and so completely covered by a luxuriant woodbine, as effectually to exclude the rays of the sun. A massive, rustic table, and seats of the same strong material, evinced that it was designed for use as well as ornament. On the former were rudely carved many initials, and several names at full length, among which those

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of Charles Etienne Latour and Francis d'Entrement occurred more than once.¹ On a corner of the table, two clasped hands were neatly but deeply cut in the wood; and underneath the words Pierre and Madeline, 1740. As if the cause of the latter inscription were not obvious enough, poor Pierre left a record that it was occasioned by the recollection of "the girl he left behind him;" for he added the words of Ovid, "*Scribere jussit amor.*"

The secluded and deserted, but romantic place, was one of extraordinary beauty. It appeared like the work of magic to the poor bewildered Nicholas; but, what was of far more consequence to him than its loveliness, it was a discovery of immense value. He therefore proceeded immediately to Halifax, and obtained a grant of a thousand acres of land, the boundaries of which were so described in his patent as to embrace this important property, to which he gave the very appropriate name of Hufeisen Bucht, or Horse-shoe Cove.

To account for these remarkable erections

¹The former had a grant from the King of France of the whole country on both sides of La Haive, from its mouth to its source. Some of the descendants of the latter are still residing in this province, near Yarmouth.

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and extensive clearings, it is necessary to inform you that, from the year 1606 to 1710, this province was constantly changing owners. At every rupture between the French and English, all the trading posts of the former (in Nova Scotia, or Acadie, as it was then called) were destroyed, and at every treaty of peace the country was restored to its original proprietors. The English contented themselves with damaging the enemy, but made no attempt to penetrate into the interior, or to form settlements. The establishment at the entrance of the river La Haive had been several times burned down, and a great deal of valuable property carried off by the provincials of Boston. To avoid the repetition of such ruinous losses, the French selected this secluded spot, several miles further up the stream, for the purpose of storing and secreting their furs and European goods for supplying the Indians, while fish and salt were alone kept at the lower post. Nothing could have been better suited for the purpose of concealment than this Cove, which was not discernible from the river, and could only be approached by boats through a narrow and winding entrance, nearly hidden by overhanging trees. It is no wonder, therefore, that Nicholas was astonished and

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overjoyed at this discovery; and, as soon as his grant received the Governor's signature, he removed his family thither, and took possession of "the Hufeisen Bucht."

His joy was great but silent, for his heart moved more rapidly than his tongue. He gave vent to his pleasure in long protracted puffs of tobacco. He walked round and round the premises, contemplating the magnitude of the buildings, the value of the land, the beauty of the orchard, and the strength of the fort, as he called the block-house. He seldom spoke to any member of his family, and then only to issue some indispensable order. Once or twice, as he entered the house, he kicked his dog for not rising up respectfully when the great landowner approached. He ate but little, and drank rather more than usual. He could not comprehend at one view the whole extent of his importance, but evinced every day that he was gradually beginning to appreciate it. He was observed to take up the horn mug which he generally used, and throw it, with great contempt, into the corner of the room, and, by a mute signal, called for an old silver one, (that had descended to him through three generations) as better suited to the dignity of his new

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station. His attitude in sitting was much changed. Instead of the easy and natural position that bespeaks a man wholly unoccupied, his legs were stretched out to their full extent, his head thrown back, and his eyes directed to the ceiling, to which he offered the continued incense of tobacco fumes. Now and then he was heard to utter the name of some gentlemen at Lunenburg, as Rudolph, Von Zwicker, or Oxner, who had belonged to good families in their own country; and when he did, it was with a scornful air, and the word was followed by a contemptuous grunt, and an uplifting of the right foot, as if he felt entitled now to look down upon his betters, and would like to give them an intelligible hint of his superiority.

His family went about their usual employments in their accustomed manner, but Nicholas had as much as he could do in going his continued rounds, and in digesting his unceasing admiration. His costume underwent a change no less striking than his manners. He discarded his old apparel, and dressed himself in a suit which had hitherto been preserved with great care for Sundays or holidays. Instead of his working cap, he mounted a beautiful, low-crowned, broad-brimmed, beaver hat; his best

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double-breasted coat, of blue Saxon cloth, with its long waist, spacious skirts, and immense gilt buttons, the brilliancy of which had been preserved by woollen covers when not used; his fine red cloth waistcoat, with its square flaps and pewter buttons; his black breeches and dark-ribbed stockings; and, above all, his silver knee and shoe buckles, which had belonged to his grandfather, the huntsman of the great duke, his master. His best pipe was doomed to do daily duty, instead of gracing festivals, as heretofore. It was a costly article, for it had a silver cover, and its spacious bowl held twice as much tobacco as a common one, while its long wooden handle, tipped with ivory, bespoke the ease and affluence of its owner.

Thus attired, carrying the valuable pipe in his left hand, and a cane with a horn head curiously carved in the other, Nicholas slowly performed his incessant perambulations. But man is a gross creature: he cannot live on love, or subsist on air: he requires food. The animal predominates over the spiritual nature. Nicholas was recalled to these mean considerations by the fact that, though his house was large, there was no bread in it; and his cup, though made of silver, wanted sufficient scheidam to

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fill it, small as it was. With great reluctance, therefore, and a feeling very nearly resembling that of degradation, he condescended to lay aside his new rank for a while, and go to Halifax with his two sons, in his shallop, to buy provisions for his family. On taking leave of his wife, he attempted an awkward imitation of a ceremonious bow, and kissed her hand with an air of gallantry, for which he was very properly rewarded, by his indignant frau, with a substantial box on the ear. If he had lost his senses, there was no occasion, she thought, for him to lose his heart; and she was unwilling to exchange the warm and affectionate embrace, to which she had been accustomed, for cold, unmeaning buffoonery like this. The wind being fair, he set sail with his two boys, and accomplished the voyage of sixty miles in the incredibly short space of three days, and returned again with equal speed, to feast his eyes once more upon his new property, which now appeared more spacious than ever; for, with the exception of government buildings at Halifax, there were none in that town of equal size with his own.

He was now the proprietor of a larger estate than he had ever supposed it possible he could own, and of as much happiness as was

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at all compatible with comfort, or a heart of common size could contain with safety. Sometimes, indeed, he would doubt the reality, and, waking up in the night, would look out on the tranquil scene, and ask himself whether it was all as it appeared to be, or only the delusion of a dream. Everything was new to him. The plaintive wail of the melancholy whip-poor-will; the lonely hooting of the watchful owl; the wandering, brilliant myriads of fireflies, that rejoiced in the damp exhalations of the sedgy brook that flowed into the Cove; and the wild scream of the night-hawk, as it pursued, with rapid and irregular flights, the winged insect tribe, convinced him that he was awake, though in a world of wonders—a stranger in a strange land; and he felt and knew that he dwelt on that land, not as a serf, or labourer, or tenant, but as lord of the soil. He would then recall to his mind his condition in his own country, compare it with his present situation, and say, “Gott ist gut!” (God is good) and return to his bed with a thankful heart for all this unmerited and unlooked-for prosperity. Upon one occasion, he thought he heard noises of a far different kind; and, getting up, he beheld from the window one of the wooded promon-

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tories illumined with watch-fires, and dark, shadowy forms passing and repassing between him and the strong red light. There was nothing but magic about him; but who were these magicians? Were they the fairies that had erected the buildings, or demons who intended to destroy them? He would have liked to have had neighbours; for as rich clothes are but of little use, if there is no one to see and admire them, so large buildings lose their value if there are not smaller and meaner ones to compare them with to advantage: but he thought he could dispense with these nocturnal visitors, whoever they might be.

Day dissolved the mystery, and dispelled, together with his doubts, much of his peace of mind. They were Indians, the savage and cruel enemies of the immigrants. It is true they were then at peace with the Government, but they were a vindictive and treacherous people. The place where they were encamped was an ancient burial-ground, to which they had now resorted to deposit the body of a deceased chief. Their manner was gloomy and unfriendly. They evidently considered him an intruder, and were at no pains to conceal their dislike. The new sachem made him a long and animated

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speech in Indian, accompanied by some very frightful gestures, and some flourishes of a tomahawk that made his blood curdle. To this, Nicholas, who was a man of undaunted courage, replied, with much firmness, in an oration in German, and gave effect to several passages by occasionally pointing a pistol at the head of the savage warrior. These two well-known weapons were the only things that were intelligible, for their mutual eloquence, being altogether untranslatable, was wholly useless. This unsocial visit lasted a week, when, the funeral rites having been duly performed, the unwelcome guests disappeared as suddenly as they had arrived, and Nicholas was again left in a state of tranquillity.

His comfort had been much disturbed by this event, but still he was a very happy man. He was possessed of a thousand acres of land, covered with valuable timber, filled with deer like a park, and intersected with streams abounding in salmon, trout, herrings, smelts, and a variety of delicate and excellent fish. His buildings were as large as those of the steward of his landlord in his own country, and he had neither rent, taxes, nor tithes to pay. He had forty acres ready for the plough, a productive

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orchard, and everything his heart could desire, except money; but he had that which would always produce it, an inexhaustible supply of superior fuel for the Halifax market. He, therefore, commenced a regular trade in cord-wood, a traffic which the German settlers have continued and monopolized to the present day. This wood was cut off to the termination of the two promontories that formed the heel of the Horse-shoe Cove; and the overhanging trees that concealed the entrance and obstructed the passage of masts were removed, for the double purpose of enabling him to warp his shallop into his own beautiful harbour, and to expose to the admiring eyes of all who navigated the river the spacious building of the "Hufeisen Bucht." Alas! it was a fatal ambition for poor Nicholas; for, in prostrating these ancient trees, he had unintentionally committed sacrilege, and violated the repose of the dead—an offence that, in all countries and in all ages, has ever been regarded with pious horror or implacable resentment.

In the autumn of 1777, he was engaged as usual in his coasting trade; and, in the latter part of October, had returned from Halifax with a load of provisions and stores for his family, in which he had invested the proceeds

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of several cargoes. Casting anchor at the mouth of the inlet, he dressed himself in his best attire, and prepared to land with his two sons. He had no sooner descended from the side of the vessel, and seated himself in the stern of the boat, than he exclaimed—

“More magic!”

He hardly knew the wooded screen that concealed his cove. The fairies had been busy in his absence, and so altered the appearance of every tree, that he could no longer distinguish one from another. The maple had doffed its green, and assumed a bright red colour. The long, pendent leaves of the sumach looked shrunk, drooping, and yellow. The poplar had suddenly become grey-headed, and the ash had been nearly stripped of its foliage; while those mischievous and wonderful little artists had given new tints and imparted new shades to every leaf of every tree and every shrub of the forest. He had never beheld anything like this in his own country. He had observed the leaves of the few trees he had seen to fade away in autumn and perish on the approach of winter. This process appeared to him to be as slow as their growth; it was a gradual decay of nature. But here death was cruel as well as impatient,

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and, like a consumptive fever, beautified its victim with hectic colour before it destroyed it, that its loss might be more keenly felt and lamented.

He was in a new world, and it was natural it should contain new things, but he was not prepared for what followed. When he entered the little placid cove, which lay glittering like a lake of molten silver beneath the gaze of the declining sun, he was startled at beholding his house reversed and suspended far and deep in its pellucid bosom, and the trees growing downwards with their umbrageous branches or pointed tops, and all so clear, so distinct, and perfect, as to appear to be capable of corporeal touch. And yet, strange to say, far below the house, and the trees, and other earthly objects, was the clear, blue sky, with its light, fleecy clouds that floated slowly through its transparent atmosphere, while the eagle was distinctly visible, soaring in unrestrained liberty in the subterranean heavens. Every stroke of the oar separated the trunks of those enormous aquatic trees, which divided to afford a passage to the boat, and then united instantly as before. Had Nicholas been a forester or a bargeman in his native land, these phenomena would still have

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astonished him, for both are exhibited in this country in a more remarkable degree than in almost any other part of the world. But, having been merely a landsman, and never having seen a collection of water till he beheld the ocean, or a forester until he landed in Nova Scotia, it is not to be wondered at if he felt bewildered, and occasionally doubted whether it was safe to trust the evidence of his own senses. He was not a little pleased, therefore, when he found himself once more on land, and was convinced that his house was in its right place; but he was by no means satisfied with the careless indifference with which its inmates regarded the approach of so important a person as its lawful lord and master. He was resolved to teach and enforce more respectful treatment for the future, and accordingly was prepared by the time he reached the door with a terse and sharp reproof wherewith to greet them.

He entered with the proud and haughty air of a man who feels that he has suffered an indignity, but which was superseded by an expression of intense horror, as his eyes fell on the awful spectacle before him. There lay the mangled bodies of his wife and children, his slaughtered dog, and the fragments of his broken

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furniture and rifled property. The fire on the hearth was burned out, and all was as silent and as desolate as when he first discovered it; but, alas! that silence was the silence of death, and that desolation the work of rapine and murder.

It was an appalling scene, and it was but too plain whose infernal work it was, for the heads of all bore the fatal mark of the Indian scalping-knife. Nicholas and his two sons exchanged looks of agony and terror, but they were speechless. They seemed all three spellbound, when the father fainted, and fell heavily forward over the mutilated body of his unfortunate wife. His sons lifted him up, and removed him to the boat, and from thence to the vessel, and immediately dropped down the river to the settlement at its entrance, when, taking all the male population, with their arms, on board, they returned to the "Hufeisen Bucht," and hastily buried the dead. They then pursued the enemy with all speed, who, not expecting such prompt and decided measures, had not proceeded far, or adopted the usual precautions, when they were overtaken, attacked, and defeated with great loss. On their return, they hanged four of the prisoners on the willow trees in front of the

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house; and the remaining two were sent to Halifax, to be held as hostages, or dealt with as the Governor should direct. Nicholas, with his two surviving sons, returned to Lunenburg, the latter having vowed never more to put their feet within that magical and accursed house.

The Indians had purposely abstained from setting fire to the buildings. They had been erected by their old friends the French, whose language they began to understand, and the forms of whose religion they had adopted. It was possible they might require them again, and that the fortune of war might place them in a situation to resume a trade that had proved so beneficial to both. The proprietors were equally unwilling to destroy a property which, though they could never inhabit themselves, might afterwards be sold for a large sum of money. They were, therefore, left standing, to terrify the navigators of La Haive by the spectres and ghosts that always haunt a scene of violence and murder. Poor old Nicholas never recovered the massacre of his family and the loss of his property. His grief was, at first, most acute and distressing. He would talk of his poor, dear, dead frau; of the Rhineland, his happy home, that he had so

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thoughtlessly left; of his little, innocent, slaughtered children; and condemn his own folly in desecrating the Indian burial-ground, and thereby awakening their fearful vengeance. This was soon followed by a settled melancholy. He never more took any interest in anything, or ever attended again to buisness. He generally sat by the fire, into which he looked vacantly, and smoked. He neither asked nor responded to questions. His heart was broken.

One day he was missing, and great was the consternation in Lunenburg, for every person feared that his own hand had put an end to his existence. Diligent inquiry and search were made both in the town and its neighbourhood, but no trace whatever could be found of him. At last some persons, more courageous than others, ventured, well armed, to examine the "Hufeisen Bucht," and ascertain if he was there; and there they found him, extended on the grave of his wife and children, where he had perished from cold, fatigue, and exhaustion. He was interred where he lay, and increased the number and the terrors of the nocturnal wanderers of the Cove.

For many years the place was shunned by all, except now and then by Indians, who

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occasionally visited it to light their funeral fires, deposit their dead, and chant their monotonous and dismal dirges. Meanwhile, the buildings became much dilapidated. The shutters of the block-house having been forced off by the wind, the large bell, set in motion by its fitful gusts, added its deep-toned and melancholy notes to the wailing of the blast, and the affrighted barge-men, as they hurried by the ill-omened spot, would say, "Old Nick is walking to-night, and tolling his bell."

Years rolled by, and emigration began to be directed to the beautiful upland and rich alluvial soil that border the noble river. Above, far above the Cove, were settlements; and below it was a continuous line of farms: but for several miles round the haunted house no man was so hardy as to venture. It was given up to its lawful ranger, Nicholas Spohr, and to his fearful companions, the ghosts, goblins, and spirits of the "Hufeisen Bucht."

THE WITCH OF INKY DELL

(From "The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony," 1849)

OF the witch stories that were handed down in Nova Scotia by emigrants from Puritan New England, none is better told than this of the Witch of Inky Dell. The characters are vivid and true to life, the narrative is straightforward, and the descriptions are calculated to rouse in the reader the mood that will best give effect to the story. Haliburton has used all his devices (even including his buffoonery) to take the reader off his guard and create the illusion of reality.

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Among the various classes of comers and goers that have at different times visited this country (continued the Judge), witches and apparitions have now nearly ceased to honour us with their company. Forty years ago they were very numerous, and every village and settlement had its ghost or its sorceress. Many well authenticated tales are told of their sayings and doings, and of their marvellous power; for when was a story deficient of proof, where people are crafty or credulous? As a sample, I will tell you one that was related to me by a person who had been for some time suffering under the malignant influence of the Witch of Inky Dell, in Cumberland, Nova Scotia.

Shortly after the termination of the American Rebellion, a number of the inhabitants of the old colonies emigrated to this province, the majority of whom were Loyalists, who, relinquishing their homes and possessions, followed the flag of their king into this cold and inhospitable country, while not a few belonged to the opposite side, which they had either disgraced or deserted. Every county of Nova

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Scotia received great numbers of these "refugees," as they were called, and among others, Cumberland had a large proportion. Driven from their homes and their ordinary occupations, it was a long time before they settled themselves in the country of their adoption, and many preserved, during the remainder of their lives, the habits of idleness engendered by war and exile. Taverns were then places of much greater resort than at the present day, when they are almost exclusively given up to travellers, and the voice of contention or merriment scarcely ever ceased within them, either by day or night.

The battles of the recent war were fought over again with renewed zeal, and it must be admitted that these Loyalists were a most distinguished body of men, inasmuch as it appeared that every individual was confident that the result of the contest would have been far different if the British Government had followed his advice. These faithful and wise councillors daily met, deliberated, and decided upon the fate of the nation, but, alas! they had no means to execute their designs, and the world unfortunately went on as usual without them.

Among this little, loyal band was one Walter Tygart, or Watt the Tiger, as he was more

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generally called, from the ferocity of his temper. He had held a commission in the celebrated corps of cavalry known as Tarlton's Legion, and was a strong, well-made, active, daring man; he had distinguished himself during the war as well by his valour as his cruelty, for it was a favourite maxim of his that "the Devil was the first rebel," and that therefore to spare a traitor was a devilish and not a Christian act, and was accordingly noted for never having taken a prisoner, or given quarter to a foe. He was a noisy, rollicking, dissipated fellow, full of anecdote, with some humour, and a strong but dangerous propensity to practical joking. My first recollections of Cumberland are connected with the "Loyalist Club" and Watt the Tiger, the revolutionary anecdotes they severally related, or, as the evening advanced, all told together, myself being the only listener amid the clamorous party.

I remember an absurd anecdote he told of one of their brother members, who was absent that evening. It is impossible to give you an idea of his manner, though his language may serve to show you the style of man he was. The story referred to a Captain Lybolt, a retired officer of German extraction, who had recently

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been appointed a magistrate. He was a vain, pompous and ignorant man, not very scrupulous in his conduct, and resolved to make his new office as lucrative as possible by means of fines, of which, at that time, no account was ever exacted or rendered.

"I says, boys, old stick-in-the-mud is made a magistrate; he is, upon my soul! fact, I assure you, boys. The crittus has begun to fine already, and where the fine goes the king's fingers will never follow, even if they were as long as a commissary's. It would have made you die a-laughing if you had seen his first trial to-day, as I did, it would, upon my soul, boys! fact, I assure you—I hope I may die if it wouldn't! A chap crossing his orchard yesterday picked a few of his apples, and ate them, which, in all Christian countries, is only a sociable, neighbourly act; but old cat-a-nine-tails, dod drot him! called it foraging on the enemy, marauding, plundering, and what not, and issued a warrant against him for stealing. 'What is the use of being a justish,' he said, 'if you can't do justish to yourself!' He did, upon my soul! fact, I assure you! true as thunder, boys!

"To make the court look respectable, and scare the poor devil, with his law and learning,

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out of his money, he piled up great heaps of books on his table, business and earnest-like, took his seat on one side of it, and made Corporal Cotton, his orderly, sit down on the other, and act as clerk, and then ordered the constable to bring in the prisoner. 'Got for damme, what do you mean, sir?' said he, a-bristling up and a-bridling like a whiskered Lucifer, 'what do you mean by stealing my apples?'—'Who! me?' 'Yes, you?'—'Stealing!' 'Yes, stealing, sir!'—'Do you call that stealing?' 'Stealing! to be sure it is.'

" 'Cotton,' said Lybolt, a-whispering to his orderly, 'bring in more book: he don't respect the law, nor the king's appointment, nor the justish. More book, sir;' and Cotton brought in several arms full of 'more book,' and piled them up on the table. 'Now,' said the Captain, swelling out like a tarnation big bull-frog chock full of wind, 'what do you say for yourself?'—'I didn't think it any great matter,' replied poor pumpkin-headed red nose, 'to eat a few apples—what a touss you make about nothing!'—'Put that down, Cotton,' said the Captain; 'he confesses he stole them, and calls thieving a touss guten himmel. I shall teach him better

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for all time that shall be passed, that shall be present, or shall come;’ and he snorted like as if he seed an indgin, he did, upon my soul, boys!—fact, I assure you, fellows! dod drot me if he didn’t! ‘Constable, remove the prisoner till the court deliberates on the punishment. Serious offence, this, Captain Tygart,’ he said to me, winking and blinking like an owl in the sun, ‘a very serious offence, pillaging when on march through the territory of a friendly power. It is death by martial-law;’ and he ordered in the prisoner: ‘I pronounce you guilty, sir,’ said he, ‘and now I sentence you—you shall be hanged—you shall be whipped—or you shall pay five pounds, and you shall have your choice which.’ The poor crittur, who had no pluck in him, or he would have capsized him and his clerk, and buried both of them under their books, paid the five pounds, showed a leg, and made himself scarce. ‘Fary good offish, Captain Tygart,’ he said with a knowing wink, as he pocketed the fine—‘fary good offish! fines are more better nor apples—as apples are more better nor nothing. It shall be worth more nor two hundred in one year’—true as rates, he did, upon my soul, fellows! I hope I may die if he didn’t! fact, I assure you, boys!”

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Soon after that, I missed Watt the Tiger from his "accustomed haunts," and understood he was partially deranged. His conduct became suddenly so strange, and he persisted so obstinately in refusing to give any reason for his behaviour, that somebody attributed his melancholy to a disturbed conscience, and remorse for past misdeeds, while not a few believed that he had been visited or claimed by the Devil. It appeared that one night, when returning from the club, his horse arrived at his house before him greatly terrified, followed some time afterwards by his master, whose clothes were torn and soiled, and his countenance and manner much disturbed. Soon after, the same thing occurred again, and he was heard to mutter that he had been ridden hard; that the bit had hurt his mouth, and that his tongue was frost-bitten from exposure to the weather. On another occasion, he complained of having no oats, of being shut in a stable without a halter, and kicked on the leg by a black mare. But, on his last nocturnal excursion, something still more extraordinary happened, for he came home dreadfully fatigued and exhausted, barefooted and bareheaded, having exchanged his own clothes for a red flannel petticoat, that scarcely

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reached to his knees, and a woman's short dimity bedgown.

From that time, he never ventured out at night, and by day always carried a small bible in one pocket, and the prayer-book in the other, though he was never known to look into either of them. He became reserved, solitary, and moody, and was often found talking or muttering to himself about leaving the country, taking his treasures with him (though, poor fellow! his only possessions were his farm, his cattle, and a pension of fifty pounds a year), and crossing over the seas, and placing his jewels, bars of gold, and chests of money, in the Bank of England, and spending the remainder of his days in the sporting world, far away from all pirates, devils, witches, bridles, side-saddles, and black mares. In fact, his conduct and conversation were so incomprehensible, that he was left to pursue his own meditations unmolested and unquestioned. As soon as he ceased to be a wonder, he ceased to be talked of, and, though not forgotten, his name was seldom mentioned; when, all at once, he awakened, as it were, from this dream of existence, and reappeared among his friends of "the Loyalist Club" at the Corn-

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wallis Arms with all his former uproarious mirth and boisterous behaviour.

It was in the early part of June, 1790, that he rejoined his companions. The day was rendered memorable by one of the most terrific thunder-storms ever known in this country. For several hours, the roar of thunder and incessant flashes of lightning nearly deprived us of the power of vision or hearing, when the whole forest in the neighbourhood of Inky Dell, which lay to the eastward of the village, was suddenly wrapt in flames, that illuminated the heavens with their strong lurid light. It was a fearful spectacle, and great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the straggling and detached settlements in that vicinity, the inhabitants of which appeared thus suddenly to be deprived both of succour and escape. That portion of the wilderness seemed peculiarly calculated to extend the conflagration, for it consisted chiefly of "soft wood," as the resinous evergreens of America are usually denominated.

The valley was a deep and gloomy hollow, between two high hills, and was clothed with a growth of exceedingly tall, thin, spiral fir-trees, known among lumberers as scantling or

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ranging timber, which grew so close together as to admit of no underwood or shrubs. It was a forest of spars. For thirty feet, at least, from the ground they exhibited no limbs, after which a few thin branches protruded, loaded with long, pendent streamers of grey moss, resembling straggling locks of hoary hair, while their tops were lost in a thick umbrageous covering, that was impervious to the rays of the sun. It was, consequently, a dark and gloomy wood. The very birds seemed to avoid it, and the hardy little squirrel disdained to feed upon the cones that grew in its dank and stagnant atmosphere. The bat and the owl alone resorted to it, and startled the traveller by their numbers and nocturnal vigilance. Through the centre of it flowed a thick, turbid, and lazy stream, which, from having beds of coal, became perfectly black, and thus imparted to the valley the name of "Inky Dell." The water, besides being discoloured, was as strong as brine, from the numerous salt-springs that flowed into it. The margin of the brook was covered, for some distance, with dead trees and sickly and consumptive dwarf hemlocks, that had perished or languished in the unwholesome moisture with which the sub-soil was saturated. Tall, coarse,

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slimy, aquatic grass, partaking of the colour of the floods, afforded a shelter for toads and reptiles, that lay concealed in its tangled roots, as if ashamed of their domicile.

The dell was intersected by a gorge which, though not descending as low as the level of the water, furnished a convenient opening for a road, which crossed it at this place. On the western side of the valley and brook stood a small log-house, in a field containing about an acre of land, immediately behind which rose a conical hill, whose base was covered with such timber as I have described. Beyond that was a growth of stunted birches; and at its top, which was uncovered, was a fountain of pure water. It was, probably, the value of this spring that led to the selection of the site for the house. Below the road, the receding hills afforded a small strip of interval, which had once been cleared and sown down with grass seeds, and, though much overgrown, admitted a little light into the landscape. On one side of the house was the prostrate covering of a building, which had evidently been a cow or horse-shed, but which, gradually decaying where it touched the damp earth, had sunk by degrees, until the roof lay by itself without support on the ground.

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This wretched and lonely place was the abode of a poor woman, one Nelly Edwards. At the period I have before alluded to, of the emigration from the old colonies, now comprising the United States, she arrived with her husband at Cumberland, and, shortly afterwards, settled at Inky Dell. Who or what they were no one ever knew. They held but little intercourse with their neighbours, were known to live upon very bad terms with each other, and were supposed to have belonged to the rebel party, from whom they, no doubt, had good reason to escape, as soon as law and order were re-established. Edwards had evidently lived much in the backwoods in the early part of his life, for he was a devoted sportsman and hunter. He was averse from industrious habits, and supported himself by trapping and fishing in preference to tilling the soil. They were both in bad repute, and were shunned and avoided by the inhabitants as much as they could have desired themselves.

After a few years of this solitary life, Edwards suddenly disappeared. Whether he had perished in the woods in a conflict with some wild animal; by accident or by illness; or had left the province and his wife in disgust,

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was not known, nor, indeed, were many inquiries or conjectures ever made. No one felt interested in his fate, and his absence was considered rather as a relief than otherwise by those that travelled the road by that lonely and ill-omened place.

Mrs. Edwards was a short, erect, active little woman, that appeared much younger than she really was. Her breeding and extraction, it is said, were lower than those of her husband, who was a man of good address and some education. After his death, or desertion, some advances were made by the neighbours to offer their sympathies or assistance, but her temper was so bad, and her language so coarse and violent, that people became afraid of her, and as some of her imprecations had accidentally come to pass, she began to acquire the not very enviable or desirable appellation of Hag, or Witch. The character of the place well accorded with such a supposition, and the moment it was conceived and circulated, imagination supplied many proofs and corroborations that had previously escaped observation. It was remarked that as soon as a shower of rain had ceased in summer, and the wind had shifted to the west, the spring on the top of the mountain emitted for some time a tall, thin column of vapour,

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whence it was called the Witch's Fountain, a name it is known by to this day, and probably will always retain. It was also noticed that the fowls about her door were of a different breed from any in the country, being quite black, and that her cat was of the same malignant colour. Her knowledge of herbs and simples, by which she worked many cures among her ignorant neighbours, was also turned against her, and unkindly attributed not to skill but to sorcery, and the very natural inference was drawn that she who could understand the virtues of plants must also know their poisons, and could with equal ease extract the one or the other.

Wearied and annoyed by these surmises and reproaches, she at last availed herself of the superstition of the people to obtain a control over them, and render them obedient to her wishes. She, therefore, foretold fortunes by the assistance of a pack of cards, and the mysterious fountain, that emitted steam without the aid of fire, disclosed where stolen goods might be found, by means of a skilful cross-examination of the applicant or the confession of the thief, and sold cabalistic charms that had the power of warding off misfortunes. The

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numerous instances in which her prophecies either fulfilled themselves or were accidentally accomplished, are really astonishing, and it is no wonder that the whole country was filled with awe and admiration of the power of "the Witch of Inky Dell;" many a fair one listened in breathless expectation to the sentence that Nelly Edwards was passing on her future life, and returned to rejoice or murmur over the unalterable decree.

There were those, however, who, though willing to believe in her power, were reluctant to entrust her with the secret of their hearts, and, therefore, confined their inquiries to the single point, whether that which they wished, or that which they dreaded, would come to pass. As this evasion implied a doubt, if not of her power, at least of her secrecy, she imposed severe terms on her compliance. The applicant was desired to come to her by moonlight, and compelled to ascend the mount by its dark and winding path, in company with her and no other attendant, and then, filling a cup, marvellously and curiously carved, with the pure water from the fountain, to turn quickly round three times, terminating the evolution with her face to the east, and then to wish and drink. At the full

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of the moon, the wisher of wishes was requested to repeat the same ceremony; and then the enchantress, after consulting the appearance of the sky and the language of the cards, encouraged or extinguished the hopes of her suppliant.

All, however, were not so credulous, or so obedient; and, among others, Watt the Tiger, who not only threatened her with the penalties of the law and personal chastisement, but claimed Inky Dell as a part of his property, to which it adjoined, and in the grant of which it was included. Many and furious were the wordy contests between these two violent people, who defied and denounced each other; and hag and witch, and the dragon, on the one hand, and marauder, murderer, and villain on the other, were the mildest terms in their copious vocabulary of abuse.

The locality of the fire was easily distinguished from the windows of the inn. The day on which it occurred was a club day, and several of the members had arrived previous to the storm, and discussed the probable extent and origin of the conflagration. Some attributed it to the natural and probable cause—the lightning; others to the Witch, but most of them to the

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Devil, who had no doubt claimed the fulfilment of the compact into which he had entered with her, and had come to enforce it, for no doubt was entertained by any one present that the sudden, violent, and extensive fire must have consumed the house and all within it. The lightning was succeeded by a tremendous shower of rain, such as is seldom seen anywhere but in tropical climates, which gradually yielded to a sudden shift of the wind to the westward, that cleared off the clouds, and left everything as smiling and as tranquil as ever. The rain had the effect of arresting and partially extinguishing the fire, which sent forth long, heavy, and black masses of smouldering smoke, that rose gloomily into the sky, and slowly passed away towards the east, until they were lost in the distance.

An arrival from the scene of the fire confirmed our apprehensions: the deep pine and fir forest in Inky Dell was all destroyed, and Mrs. Edwards consumed, together with her effects, in her house. Various were the remarks made on this dreadful calamity by the company present. Some commiserated the poor woman's misfortunes and untimely end, and felt as men ought to do under such a dreadful dispensation

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of Providence. Others thought the country was well rid of such a dangerous inhabitant, and not a few believed it to be the work of her own wicked incantations.

"I never did believe in witchcraft," said one, "and if I had been so weak, this event would have cured me. What's the use of it, if she couldn't foretell the fire in time to get out of the way of it?"

"You don't believe?" said another. "Well, that's good, now! Didn't you go to her, when your horse was shot, for advice? and didn't she tell you it was Felix Coon that did it? and didn't you get him convicted?"

"Well, I did; but it was only to please my wife, Miss Lincoln, for I knew it before I went. But women have such infernal curiosity, they will always ax a question as long as there is anybody that will answer it."

"Well, I don't know," said a third; "she is dead now, and it's easy to kick a dead lion, any ass can do that, but I believe she was a powerful woman, and knowed more than a Christian ought to know. She told Patience Fulton, old Caleb's daughter, she was wrong named, for she wouldn't wait patiently, but make a runaway match; and, sure enough, my son

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Ted helped her one morning next week out of her bed-room window afore her father was up, and they were married by Squire Tommy Watson, afore breakfast. Will any one tell me, after that, she warn't a gifted old lady? Nobody ever prospered that quarrelled with her. There is our old friend Captain Tygart now, he has never been no good since she put the curse and the evil eye on him; he ain't no longer himself, and goes wandering about like one possessed. It's cheap talking about not being afraid of man or devil; once, I don't think the Captain ever was; but hang me if I like to hear people talk so rashly. How comes it he carries the Bible in one pocket, and the Prayer Book in the other, if he ain't timersome of the old witch of Inky Dell? explain that to me, will you? Well, I declare," he continued, slowly and in an alarmed tone, "well, I declare, talk of the Devil, and he is sure to appear! As I'm a living sinner, here is Watt the Tiger, a-galloping down the road like mad, looking as wild and as wide awake as a Cherokee Indgin. I know him of old—he's not safe when he's up in the stirrups that way. He is a wilful man when his blood is up. What's to pay now, I wonder."

He had hardly uttered the words when the

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Captain pulled up short at the door, dismounted, threw the reins over a post, and burst into the room, saying, "Hullo, boys! are you here? the old devil's dead!—clean gone! burnt up to a cinder! crisp as pie-crust, and twice as tough! she is, upon my soul! I hope I may die if she ain't—fact, I assure you, fellows! not a word of a lie in it—as true as steel. I am a free man now—see if I ain't, boys!" and he took up a chair, broke the legs of it off by a heavy blow on the floor, and then, seizing one of the bars, beat a tattoo violently against the door for the landlord. "How are you, old fellow?" he said as the door opened. "Hullo! who the devil are you? Where is Mogan?"

"Dead, sir!"

"Dead! the devil he is! I didn't know that. Ah, I suppose she rode him to death, too! Bring me some wine, some of your best, too. I am going to stand a treat to-night, and do you mind, see that it is good—none of your black strap and mother of vinegar, but the best port and madeira. Come, right about! quick march! Poor Mogan! ah! well he was always an everlasting coward—died of fright, I suppose, at seeing that old hag of Inky Dell. Thank fortune, she is gone now, quitted her post,

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deserted and blown up the magazine. Ah, here is the wine! come, boys! Stop a minute, though;" and he rose, and, taking the hearth-brush, inserted the handle of it in the neck of one of the decanters that had no stopper in it; then, summoning the maître d'hotel, whom he called "old corkscrew," by beating again at the door with a leg of the broken chair, "Is that a fit stopper, sir, for a gentleman? You haven't the honour of knowing me, sir—so I will take the liberty of introducing myself. I am Captain Tygart, sir, at your service, late of Tarlton's legion, a man that gives no quarter and takes no nonsense. If you think you won't know me again, you may stare a while longer; or, if you don't hear me, I'll open your ears for you;" but the terrified man made good his escape.

"Well, boys," he continued, "I am glad to find myself among you again, dod drot me, if I ain't! for it looks like old times. We must make a night of it; so come, fill your glasses, fellows! Here's to poor old Mogan's memory—he was rode to death, I do suppose, poor devil! a hard death that, too, particularly if he was touched in the wind, as I am. That cussed rebel bullet at the Cowpans that went through my lungs spoiled my bellows for me,

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for I have the heaves now, if I run hard. I should have died, too, if there had been any give in or back out in me; and, as it was, she nearly fixed my flint for me. She is done for herself, though, now, that's a fact, for I've seen her with my own eyes—I went to where the house stood, and felt for her with a long pole among the ashes, so as to be certain of it, and, while poking about, I stirred up something that looked like old Edward's powder-horn, and off it went like thunder, and scattered her bones all abroad like a bomb-shell. It knocked me over, too, it did upon my soul! but I am not easily scared by gunpowder. Here is a pleasant journey to her, and a happy meeting with her old ally and master, General Scratch himself! Bars of gold, my boys, diamonds as big as plums; gold and silver saints as big as babies, candlesticks as tall as cornstalks, and graven images from the Spanish main—Joes, half Joes, doubloons, Louis d'ors, guineas, and every sort of coin! They are all mine, fellows! she showed me the place—I know now the spot, the very spot, where the pirates buried them. I'll have them up now, blame my buttons, if I don't! Fill your glasses, boys: here is to the memory of my friends, the pirates! I thought there

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was luck in store for me—I always had a kind of idea Captain Tygart's services wouldn't go unrewarded. Hurra, boys! here is better luck still."

After the wine was exhausted, materials for making punch were ordered, and the Captain proceeded to brew the intoxicating beverage.

"Two sweet and four sour, two weak and four strong, boys," he said, "with a touch of real Hyson to flavor it—that's the liquor to warm the heart—hot when you sleep under the table, and cold when you bivouac under a bush in the field. It's the soldier's friend, the ladies' joy, and the world's delight. It's what Tarlton used to call the young man's best companion."

An enormous bowl was filled with it, and placed at the head of the table with a large silver ladle in it, having a golden guinea set in its centre, and a shaft of twisted whalebone to prevent the direct communication of heat to the hand. With this the tumblers were supplied or replenished.

"Come, Tygart," said Major Taylor (the president of the club), "tell us the story of the witch and the pirate's treasure."¹

¹ Strange as this story may seem, it is nevertheless substantially true, the names and one or two minor

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"Well, boys," he replied, "I'll tell you; but first fill your glasses. Come, Sandford, if ever you mean to be a judge, you must drink your way to the bench—wine loosens the tongue, sharpens the wit, steadies the nerves, and unlocks the imagination. Here's your health, youngster, and hoping you may have a wig before your head's bald, and a silk gown before you are an old woman! Well, boys, it ain't a very pleasant story to recollect—dod drot me if it is! nor a very credible one for a man of honour to tell, but it's true for all that, it is, upon my soul! I hope I may die if it ain't!—fact, I assure you—not a word of a lie in it—I'm booked if it ain't! and as you want to hear it, I will tell it to you.

"Well, you all recollect the last night but two that I spent here. I went home early that evening, certainly not later than two o'clock,

circumstances only being changed. The unfortunate man who laboured under this extraordinary hallucination (either from *delirium tremens* acting on a mind pre-occupied with hatred or fear of the Witch of Inky Dell, or from mania of some other kind) not only fully believed himself in the reality of the transformation he described, but was so anxious to impress others with a due sense of his veracity, that he reduced the narrative to writing in the form of an affidavit, and attested it before a magistrate. It is well known in Cumberland, where the scene is laid.

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sober as a judge, (though they ain't always the soberest neither.) As I neared Inky Dell, who should I see but Nelly Edwards a-standing in the middle of the road, with her arms akimbo and her chin cocked up in the air, looking as impudent as the Devil. 'How do you do, Captain Tygart?' said she, a-dropping a most gallows polite curtesy at the same time. 'None the better of seeing you,' says I, 'at this time of night.' 'Thank you, sir,' said she; 'and, as you are in such a good humour to-night, I have a small favour to ask of you. Lend me your horse, if you please?' 'I'd see you damned first, you old hag!' said I, 'and then I wouldn't.' 'Don't be rash, Captain,' said she, 'don't be rash. Let me help you off.' 'Stand out of the way,' said I, 'or I'll ride over you!' and I plunged both spurs into the horse, and I did try to knock her down, that's a fact, but old Tarlton reared straight up on eend, and snorted and leaped forward so short and sudden, I fell on the broad of my back in the middle of the road, and off he went as hard as his legs could carry him.

"The way she laughed, and jabbered, and yelled, was enough to wake the dead a'most, and she sat by the wayside and mocked me. 'Who'd a thought the brave Captain Tygart would be

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afraid of a woman?' she said; 'an old woman, too? I hope you're not hurt. Come to me, and I'll help you up. Why didn't you hold on to the bridle? They tell me you were a trooper, a bold dragoon, a man that was half horse, half devil—but you are a lubberly fellow, at best, a lout, a clown, a mere booby;' and she advanced towards me, and said, 'Get up, sir, this minute.' 'That I will,' said I; 'and if I don't make food for crows of you, you old hag, then say my name is not Watt Tygart—that's all!' and up I got.

"But, boys—you'll hardly believe it—hang me, if I didn't get up on all fours a tall, bony, black horse, and she put a bridle in my mouth, and jumped on my back, and turned my head the other way, and cut and lashed me with a long riding whip, as savage as a meat axe. When we got on the marsh, we were joined by three other old women on black horses: I won't mention their names, but this I will say, no man on earth would have expected to see such respectable old ladies playing such pranks in such devilish company. Well, away we scampered, over creeks, ditches, honey-pots, bogs, holes, and duck-ponds, at an awful pace, the old witches laughing, and swearing, and

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cursing awfully, and a-plying their whips incessantly. I thought I should have died for want of wind, on account of the wound in my lungs; but, at last, we reached Fort Lawrence, and the old women dismounted, and put us into the chaplain's stable, and left us until it was near day-dawn, when back they came in great haste, jabbering and muttering in some unknown tongue, took us into the yard, jumped into their seats, and off like lightning the way they came. At the place where we all met, we all separated again, and old Nell hurried me on, punishing me every step with whip and spur most cruelly. At last, she drew up at my gate and got off, and, taking the bridle out of my mouth, and giving me a cut across the hind quarters, said, 'Jump, sir!' and I jumped and cleared it, and fell down from exhaustion the other side, and when I got up, I rose in my own shape and dress—dod drot me, if I didn't! and went to my own house, and turned into bed, ashamed, mortified, fatigued, and worried to death. I dare say you won't believe it, boys—but it's a fact, I assure you—I hope I may die if it ain't!—it is upon my soul! true as training! My sides ached for a week, and were very tender where I was spurred, and my mouth and tongue were very

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sore from the rusty old bit, and my heart it was nearly broke to be saddled and made a beast of by that old she-dragon, in such a shameful manner.

“The next time I was here, I walked home, with a good stout stick in my hand, so as to be secured against a fall, and to defend myself against her if I could, and I positively made up my mind, if I caught hold of the old screech-owl, to beat her to death. Well, just as I was returning, I met her again at the self-same spot. ‘Good evening, Captain,’ she said; ‘so you are walking to-night?’—‘What the devil is that to you?’ I replied. ‘Nothing,’ she said; ‘I only wanted to borrow your horse, but you will do yourself, I suppose, instead, though I must say you are about the slowest and clumsiest beast I ever rode.’ ‘Mother Edwards,’ said I, ‘none of your cussed nonsense now. Stand off, I beseech you; for if you dare to come within reach of me, I’ll murder you—I will, upon my soul! and if I have no power over you at night, seeing that you’re leagued with the Devil or some of his imps, I’ll kill you by day, as sure as there is a Heaven above us!’—‘Don’t talk of Heaven, you villain!’ she said, most provoking cool; ‘you have neither lot nor part in it. But come,

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give me your hand, and promise to behave like a man, a neighbour, and a Christian, and relinquish your claim to Inky Dell, and I will forgive you.'—'Avaunt, Satan!' said I, 'and get behind me.' With that she uttered a fearful yell, and flew round as quick as wink, and jumped on my back, and clung to me like a tiger, and my arms were turned into legs, and myself into a black horse again, in little less than half no time, and whack went the whip, and dig went the spur; and off we dashed as before, like a streak of lightning; and the same old women, mounted in the same way, joined us again, and away we scampered over that everlasting long old Tantramar marsh to the fort. As I arrived last I was turned into the stable loose, without being put into a stall, and got dreadfully kicked in the breast and legs, by a wicked devil of a black mare, that laid me up for months; and I was rode home, and leaped over the gate as before, and, when I got my own shape, and looked round for that wretched old miscreant, she was clean gone out of sight. It was a dreadful ride that, boys, you may depend; and my tongue, being kept out by the bits, got frostbitten, so it was actually too big for my mouth, and I had to keep snow on it all winter

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to cure it. It feels so cold now even at the thought of it, that I must have some more punch to warm it. Come, fellows, fill your glasses! Sandford, you young rogue, stand up to your collar like a man, and do your part—no heel taps, my fine fellows: it ain't fair.

“Well, boys, to make a long story short, the next time I was here, and that was the last time I ever darkened these doors, was in June, just three years ago this month. I loaded a pair of pistols that hitch, and put them into my pocket, and was determined to have a crack at her, and, if that didn't do, to stay at home always at night, when evil spirits are abroad on the face of the earth. Well, she met me again, as usual, at the same spot. The very sight of her put me into a cold sweat—dod drot me, if it didn't!—‘You are late to-night, Captain,’ said she, with a sort of mock softness of voice and sweetness of manner.—‘Better late than never,’ said I; and I up and fired right into her face. ‘I thought you was a good shot, Captain,’ she said, coolly, ‘but your hand is out; it's some time now since you killed women and children, and, besides, it's dark. Fire again, for you have another pistol there—be cool now: take good aim, for a murderer's arm is always

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unsteady.' 'Take that, you old hag,' said I, 'for your impudence!' and I fired again right into her, and threw the pistol at her with all my might. 'Missed it again, my bold dragoon,' she said, laughing ready to kill herself. 'Come, we must be off, my pretty charger, for our time is short:' then she waved her hand, and in a moment I was wrapped in horse-hide the third time, and off we flew, as before, only faster, for she was in a desperate hurry, and thrashed me all the way, and called me a brute, a cart-horse, a broken-winded beast, and anything she could lay her tongue to.

"Well, we went through the same manoeuvre as on the other two visits to the fort, but I was so out of breath on my return, that, before I reached my gate, I stumbled and fell, and, when I got up, there I was in my own shape, and there was old Nelly with the bridle in her hand. 'Mrs. Edwards,' said I, 'I have a favour to ask of you.' 'What is it?' says she; 'anything I can do for you in the world I will do with pleasure.' 'Kill me on the spot,' says I, 'but don't treat me like a beast.' 'Kill you, Watty dear!' she said; 'I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for anything under heaven. You are a brave man, and I honour you—a hand-

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some man, and I love you, dear. Kill you! no, never.' 'Then give my clothes, madam, and let me go to my house.' 'Your clothes!' says she; 'dear me! I dropped them near the haystack on Deacon Fulton's marsh. Come, I'll show you where they are;' and she seized my hand and walked back; but, heavens and earth! her walk was so everlastingly fast, the utmost I could possibly do by running as hard as I could lay leg to the ground was to keep up with her; it was actually worse than the horse-gallop. When we came to creeks and sloughs and miry places, she walked over them dry-footed, and I nearly sank up to my middle, when she would drag me out by the arm, till she nearly dragged that out, too.

"At last, we came to the Deacon's Honey-pot, where so many colts were smothered, and, as I had no shoes on, the bones of the critters hurt my feet dreadfully. When I got out of that, I looked about the nastiest thing in all creation, covered over with red slime that way, and she laughed like anything. 'Come,' said she, 'take a swim now across this creek, and wash yourself; for on the other side is the haystack and your clothes.' There was the stump of an old willow-tree there, and I turned

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my back on her and sat down, and rested my elbows on my knees, and buried my head in my hands, devoured internally by sorrow and rage, and externally by black flies, mosquitoes, and ants, that had built a den in the dead log. My heart bled, and my back bled, and my feet bled, and I felt about the meanest of all living sinners. 'Captain Tygart,' said she, 'you are a brave man; I respect your courage and endurance;' but I made her no answer. 'There is no back out in you.' I said nothing, but I thought to myself, 'Oh, my stars! I wish to goodness I could back out of the old Witch's clutches!' 'And you are a handsome man,' she continued; 'the handsomest man in these parts. I really admire and love you.' That word love made my very blood curdle with disgust; it made me sick at the stomach—dod drot me, if it didn't! 'Will you marry me, Watty?' she asked. 'I'll see you d——d first,' I said, 'and then I wouldn't!' 'Don't be rash, Watty,' she said, coaxingly, and a-brushing the flies off my back with some bulrushes; 'don't be rash, dear. I will be a fond and good wife to you, and I am not so old as you think. I am a young woman. Press your hand firmly on your eyes, and tell me what you see.' Well, what I saw ab-

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solutely took away all my voice, it astonished me so, and I didn't speak. 'What do you see?' she said, again. 'I see a beautiful girl,' said I, 'one of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld.' 'Well, that's me, Watty, dear; turn round, and look at me—that's a love;' and I turned round, and sure enough there was old Nell put back in years to twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, as handsome and blooming as I suppose she might have been at that time of life. Still I knew it was all witchcraft, and I shuddered all over, and turned back again, and put my hands to my face. 'Will you marry me now, Watty dear?' said she. 'I will give up sorcery, and remain a young and loving bride.' 'Kill me,' said I, 'if you like—drown me in this Honeypot among Deacon Fulton's colts—do what you like with me—but I never will ally myself to the powers of darkness. So no, there, now. Marry! no, never! I'll be darned to darnation, if I do!' 'Don't be rash, dear,' she said again; 'you don't know what you are refusing. I have untold gold.' 'I don't care if you have your weight of it twice over.' 'Yes, but I have fifty times that amount. I know where the pirates' treasures are concealed—say but the word, and they are yours. Press your hands

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on your eyes again, and I will show them to you. What do you see now?' 'I see a large bay,' said I, 'filled with islands;' and my heart jumped to my mouth the moment I beheld it, for I knew it the first glimpse I got of it. It was La Haive Bay, where we were at anchor three days in a calm, on our way to Halifax; but I didn't let on that I know'd it. 'Look again: do you see a light I have put on one of those islands, to mark it for you?' 'I do,' says I. 'Well, what else do you see?' Before I answered her, I counted the islands right and left of it, and took the bearings from the river, and the distance from the Cape all in my mind, so as to be sure to know it again; and I do know it, boys—I do, upon my soul! I hope I may die, if I don't—fact, I assure you, boys—true as Gospel! 'Well, what do you see?' she said. 'I see a cave,' said I, and chests of gold bars in it, and others filled with images, crucifixes, censers, and long candlesticks of the same metal.' 'They are prizes from the Spanish main, dear,' said she. 'What else do you see? for that ain't half that's there.' 'Why, boxes of gold, coins of all sorts, and great heaps of money piled up; and trunks of jewels of every size and variety.' 'Consent, and I will give

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you all that, and another hoard on the mainland more rich than that,' says she, 'Watty, and we will leave this country and go where we ain't known, and live rich and happy all the days of our life.'

"Well, I won't say I warn't tempted, because that would be a lie which never yet disgraced Captain Tygart's lips. A little loose talk I plead guilty to, for soldiers are not parsons, and preaching by general orders is the duty of a chaplain, but a lie!—I scorn it as I do a nigger. I was tempted—that's a fact. It made my mouth water, so it actually choked me a'most, and made me drivell like an idiot; but then I thought what's the use of all that wealth, after all, if ill got. The pirates had to hide it, and leave it, and it didn't save them from getting hanged; and if I get it by witchcraft, perhaps, it wouldn't make me happy neither. It would be better to take it hereafter by right of discovery. 'What do you say, Watty dear, now? Will you marry me?' 'No,' says I; 'never!' 'Then take that,' said she, 'you good-for-nothing, stupid, heartless wretch!' fetching me a blow on the side of the head, that knocked me down insensible on the ground.

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“When I awoke, it was broad full day, the sun was up a considerable piece, and actually blistered me all over where the insects had bit me. I was lame, stiff, sore, and faint; and how in the world I was to get home I couldn’t tell for the soul of me. I couldn’t get back the way I came, for that was impossible, on account of the miry ground; and to head all the creeks, and go round all the Honey-pots, and leap all the ditches, seemed past my strength; but it was neck or nothing, and I tried it, and at last got off the marsh, and reached Ned Dykin’s place, and, seeing the stable-door open, I thought Ned might be there a-feeding of his cattle, and I went in to beg him to lend me some clothes to make myself decent, and to give me something to eat, for I was e’en a’most beat out. The first person I saw, when I entered, was Mrs. Dykins a-milking of her cows, and, as soon as she got sight of me, she screamed, upset her bucket, and off like a shot out of the other door, and I after her, calling on her, for Heaven’s sake, to stop and speak to me; but, the more I called, the more she screamed; and away she flew to the house, and set the dogs on me, and barred the door. The cussed critters made at me so wicked, I was obliged to draw

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a stake from the fence, and stretch two of them out before I could get away.

"Then off I goes to Jerusha Chubbs. Well, Chubbs was away to the militia-training, and all the men folk with him; and, when I came to the door, his daughter was stooping down at the woodpile, a-picking up chips in her apron; and, when she saw a naked man coming up, she dropt the chips, and off like a shot too, yelling like all possessed; and old Mother Chubbs, the she-devil, got down the duck gun, and swore she would shoot me, if I attempted to come in, and I knew she would be as good as her word, too, for she pinked more nor one of the rebels that came plundering about her father's house in the war.

"It seemed to me as if all the world had turned agin me, and I had a great mind to lie right down, and cuss all creation and die; and I believe I should, if it hadn't been that the thoughts of the pirates' treasures kind of cheered me a little. While I was standing doubting what to do, I spied a clothes-line hanging in the yard, with ever so many things on it, so I went there, to see if I could find anything to put on, but, as ill luck would have it, they was all women's garments. And there I was in

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another fix: at last I got desperate, pulled off a red flannel petticoat of the old woman's, and jumped into it, and then got a short bed-gown, and squeezed into that, after a few rips, and splits, and tears, in stretching it; and off I went home, where I scared even my own servants out of their wits.

"I took to my bed, and kept it ever so long, for shame and vexation; and at last I came to a resolution never to go out at night, when the powers of darkness were let loose; and by day to carry the Bible in one pocket, and the Prayer Book in the other, for protection, seeing pistols were no good; and there I have been a prisoner ever since, till this day, when the Devil flew away with the Witch of Inky Dell. Now, that's a fact, boys, I assure you—it is, upon my soul! I hope I may die if it ain't!

"You may talk, boys, about civilized warfare, such as pitched battles, and sieges, and ambushes, and skirmishes, and cavalry charges, and hand to hand work, but what is it, after all, fellows?—for I've been in them all—why, just good schooling for a soldier, and nothing more. And you may talk about Indian warfare, (where a man wants all his wits about him, I can tell you) and boast of tommyhawking, and scalping,

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and pistolling, and all that. And pretty hard work it is, too, to have bullets flying about you everywhere, and you not see your enemy; but what is it, after all, but duelling at a hundred yards, with the butt of a tree to cover you? It's cowardly work! The weapon for a man, boys, is a bayonet, and then it's a hurrah, a charge, and a squeak, and it's all over.

"If the British Government had taken my advice, that cussed rebellion would have been ended in six weeks. Says I to Sir Harry Clinton, 'Sir Harry,' says I, 'hang every d——d rebel taken in arms, and the game's ours in no time.' Says he, 'I'm afraid the rebels will hang their prisoners in return.'—'Serve them right,' says I; 'd——n them! I hope they will. Let them die fighting like men, and they will escape hanging like dogs.'—'It will exasperate the colonists,' says he.—'It exasperates them much more, your Excellency,' says I, 'to see you pardon them villains that way. Sir Harry,' said I, 'mark my words—*conciliation is the father, and clemency the mother of rebellion, and a d——d pretty child it is, too; having all the ignorance and meanness of one parent, and the hypocrisy and cowardice of the other.*'

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“But that is neither here nor there, fellows. As I was a-saying, talk of civilized warfare, or Indian warfare, or any warfare you please; but the Lord preserve me from spiritual warfare! Fact, I assure you, boys—it is, upon my soul! I hope I may die if it ain’t—true as fate! Fill your glasses, boys, then let’s have another brew, and then hurrah for a song—the Major’s song:

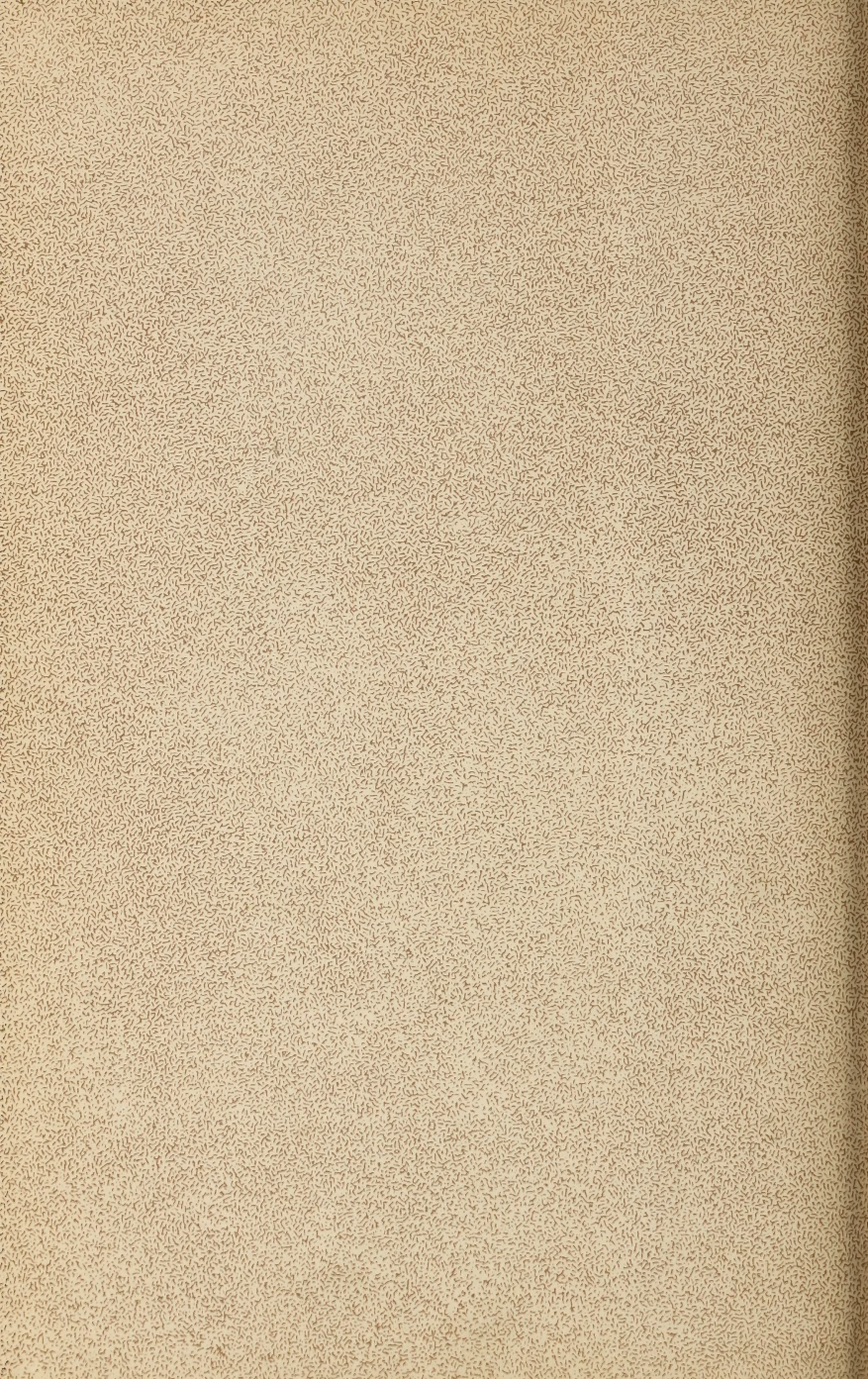
The rebel flag waved high in air,
Above the ragged crew,
When Tarlton, &c.”

As Captain Tygart had promised, they certainly made a night of it—such a night, indeed, as I never saw before, and hope never to witness again.

Poor Watt, the Tiger, is long since dead. He lost his life in a vain attempt to raise the pirates’ treasure, that the Witch of Inky Dell disclosed to him in La Haive Island. It was a very remarkable adventure; and, some other evening, I will relate to you how he came to his end, in endeavouring to——undermine and blow up the Devil.

HALIBURTON'S WORKS

An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia	1829
The Clockmaker; or, the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville, First Series, 1836; Second Series, 1838; Third Series ..	1840
The Bubbles of Canada	1839
A Reply to the Report of the Earl of Durham .	1839
The Letter Bag of the Great Western	1840
The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England, First Series, 1843; Second Series	1844
The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony	1849
Rule and Misrule of the English in America ..	1851
Traits of American Humour	1852
Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances .	1853
The Americans at Home	1854
Nature and Human Nature	1855
The Season Ticket	1860



Some of our Newer Canadian Verse

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